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"The only people who are generous enough to read English themes are English teachers."

—from "You and Aunt Arie," by Pamela Wood, an English teacher

Foxfire was the first of them. As you can see, the idea has now spread far and wide—high school magazines where students picture the older ways of the community, and never mind teenage fantasy. Pamela Wood's book* telling how to do this advises down to the last detail of film processing, subscription list maintenance, and courteous interviewing technique how ordinary high school kids become chroniclers of lives, joys, place, reality, skills, and culture before and beyond the shopping malls that homogenize the continent. We are interested because photography and today's printing methods based on the photographic process are essential for these marvelous magazines, but anybody of the generations that stand between the chroniclers and their peppery interviewees can admire the professionalism in writing, editing, layout, and management skills that deliver such fascinating and instructive reading for the buyer's dollar. If you were going to say something about inarticulate, uppity modern youth, forget it. Could your own high school teach English this way?

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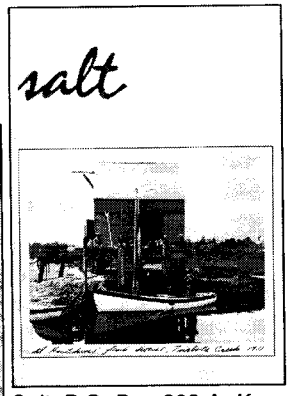
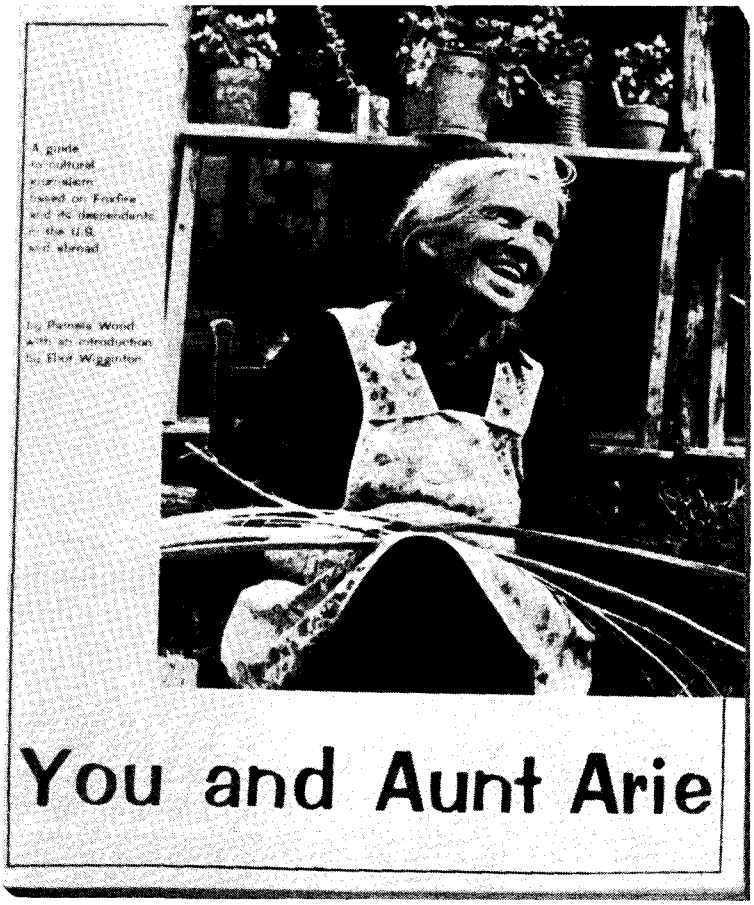
Foxfire, Rabun County High School, Rabun Gap, Ga. 30568, $8 per year



Salt, P.O. Box 302-A, Kennebunkport, Me. 04046, $7 per year

Three Wire Winter, Steamboat Springs High School, Box 664, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 80477, $8 for 4 issues



**You and Aunt Arie*, $6.75 plus $2.00 postage and handling from IDEAS, Dept. R, Magnolia Star Route, Nederland, Colo. 80466.

Mo'Olelo, Kapaa and Kauai High Schools, Kauai, Hawaii 96746, $7.50 for 4 issues

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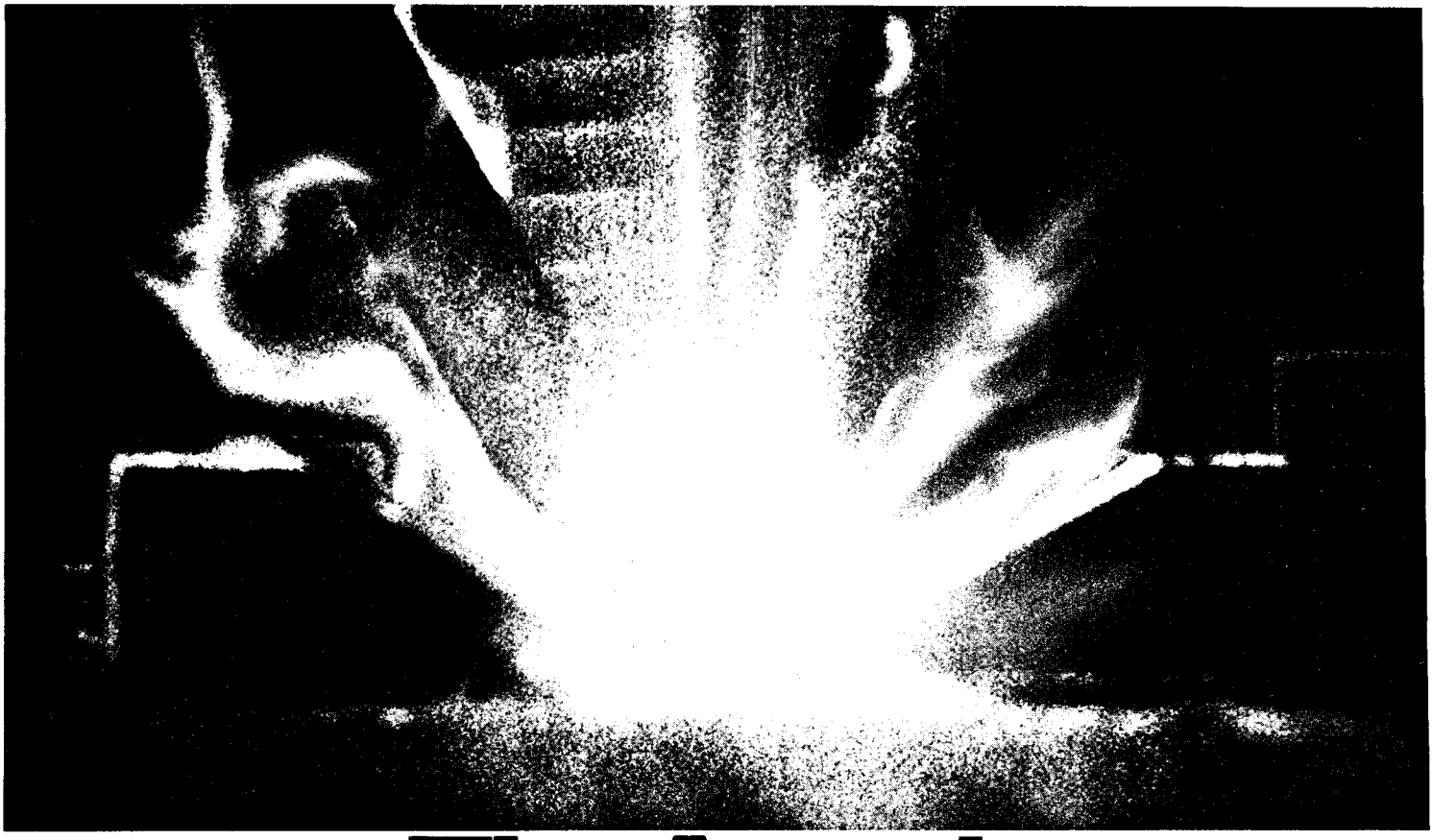

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Saturday Review

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Cartoonists:
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LETTERS

The Pension Fund: Panacea or Problem?

Rifkin and Barber certainly deal with an important and interesting subject in their article ["Pension Power," September 2]. However, their analysis of the issue is befuddled due to their ignorance or misunderstanding of data. Their conclusions are completely irrelevant because of a predisposition to justify a certain policy approach.

They make the lofty statement that it is a time when "those who own the funds should have some say in their management." Yet when it comes to suggesting solutions, they recommend that union leadership and local politicians should effectively determine how these funds are invested for the good of a particular region. One wonders by what logic union leaders and local politicians can be equated to owners of these funds. The management track record of union-controlled pension funds, e.g., the Teamsters, and political control of state funds is at best dismal and at worst scandalous. There is no evidence that politicians and union leaders manage the funds in the best interest of their members. If ownership prerogatives are to be exercised, the simplest method would be to ask each member's opinion through a checkoff provision, which would direct the fund's management to concentrate investments in certain areas.

The interests and goals of organized unions and those of "working men and women" are not necessarily one and the same as Rifkin and Barber imply. Organized unions represent less than 25 percent of blue-collar workers. All these nonunionized "working men and women" have their goals and objectives and should be free to invest their money and protect their future in any way they deem prudent.

The impact of pension-fund ownership of stocks is indeed a critical issue in terms of corporate governance, shareholder democracy, and capital formation. However, transfer of control to union leaders or local politicians, or concentration of investment in certain areas, is not the answer.

S. Prakash Sethi
Professor, International Business and Business and Social Policy
University of Texas
Dallas, Texas

I have just finished Rifkin and Barber's article and would remind them of two facts:

1) Of the $270 billion in private pension funds, by far the greatest portion has been contributed by employers, not by employees.

2) The only pension fund administered entirely by unions (the Teamsters Pension Fund) has been a scandal of corruption and mismanagement.

Richard A. Diercks
Mound, Minnesota

...I am troubled by the implication that economic decline is somehow the fault of the private sector. Rifkin and Barber do not seem to understand that an area's wealth increases only so long as the division of labor therein becomes more efficient. Reduced efficiency hurts all by reducing economic growth, and the private, productive sector of our economy is increasingly inhibited by the uncompetitive wages, high taxes, and burdensome government regulations of cities such as New York, and the United States government in general. Using the power of pension funds without taking into account the efficiency of a business, as Rifkin and Barber advocate, is a sure prescription for the economic stagnation that they assume in their article.

Kurt A. Schuler
Racine, Wisconsin

Boob Tube Blues

Regarding your special section ["Is Television Dangerous?" September 16]: What I cannot understand is why I, an adult, should be subjected to censorship of my TV viewing simply because parents are unable or unwilling to control what their children watch.

Ruth Kudlaty
St. Paul, Minnesota

Susan Schiefelbein ["Guardians of the Airwaves"] would lead one to believe that Soupy Sales was successful in his solicitation of "green pieces of paper" addressed to children watching television. My own understanding is that the Soupy Sales story is a myth perpetrated by Messrs. Heilitzer and Heyel.

In the interest of either laying to rest, once and for all, the Soupy Sales myth, or verifying its accuracy, I write to inquire whether Ms. Schiefelbein has

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personal knowledge attesting to the success of the solicitation. My concern is that the Soupy Sales episode will take its place in American mythology along with the famous water carburetor. The water carburetor involved rights to an invention acquired by a major oil company many years ago to protect its gasoline sales. The myth is republished each time gasoline prices are increased anywhere in the U.S.

Richard H. Zahm
New York, New York

You recently ran some quotes stating what changes some notables would make in television programming ["If I Were Fred Silverman"]. I thought that Steve Allen's bit was the most cogent. However, if Mr. Allen did wake up one horrible morning to find that he really was Silverman, I rather imagine that his first action would be to cut his throat.

John P. Jarvis
Northridge, California

How revealing that Studs Terkel, a print-media journalist, calls for a revolution in television programming, while the electronic media people propose only variations on the same old tube themes we've endured for a quarter of a century or so.

If I were in Fred Silverman's shoes, I'd ban immediately all NBC programs utilizing canned laughter. Then I'd launch an all-out search for new talent to revitalize programming, aiming at replacing 90 percent or more of current air fare. Impossible? No wonder PBS's Newton N. Minow advises viewers to read a book.

Paul Swearingen
Moran, Kansas

Humanity in the White House

I certainly do agree with Carll Tucker's premise on the respectability of the office of the presidency ["With All Due Disrespect," September 30]. But I strongly disagree with his reference to Mrs. Ford's alcoholism as some type of character deficiency.

Alcoholism is a physiological disorder, not a psychological disorder. Would you consider a person with diabetes to possess a psychological disorder, inferring that respect is not due? Therefore, alcoholism should not be looked upon as a character defect.

Mrs. Ford, by revealing her chemical dependency, admitted to the world that she was a broken human being, on her way back to wholeness, thus commanding respect by acknowledging defeat and asking for help. This brings home to us that humans do occupy the

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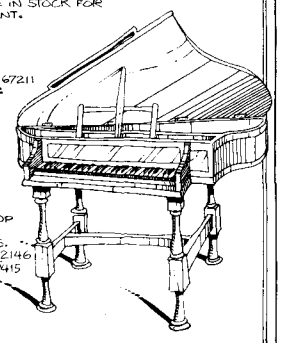

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White House. They, too, are susceptible to disease, character defects and are capable of mistakes. Mr. Tucker's statement is indicative of a lack of knowledge, not only of life in general, but specifically of the disease of alcoholism.

Sister M. Keith, OSF
Bowling Green, Ohio

Carll Tucker replies: Much to my chagrin, the application of the adjective "alcoholic" to Mrs. Ford sounded like a cheap shot. What I'd intended to object to was not Mrs. Ford's physiological problems, but to the way in which she publicizes them. To the extent that Mrs. Ford's candor gives strength to others similarly afflicted, she deserves thanks. But to focus so much attention on her personal problems—witness Mrs. Ford's recent facelift—seems to me unbecoming to her dignity and to that of the position she held.

Off the Maine Line

I always enjoy reading your section Front Runners, but in the article ["Red Men's Revenge," September 30] I was surprised to find two errors in names. The senatorial incumbent is William Hathaway, *not* Joseph, and Maine's governor is James Longley, *not* Hugh.

Sylvia S. Johansen
Damariscotta, Maine

Editor's Note: We thank Mrs. Johansen and other Maine readers for correcting our embarrassing errors. Our apologies to Maine and its vigilant residents.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER 25 PUZZLES

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 120 (page 62)
The man who listens to reason is lost: Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.—Shaw

WIT TWISTER No. 131 (page 62)
apse, peas, apes

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 160 (page 63)
Gerald Nachman: *Playing House*
The best thing babies have going is their compact size. Thus, many young marrieds opt for children. An underlying reason is that new babies keep old relatives away. As one young mother put it: "When Mom talked seriously of coming to stay with us, we decided to have little Jenny."

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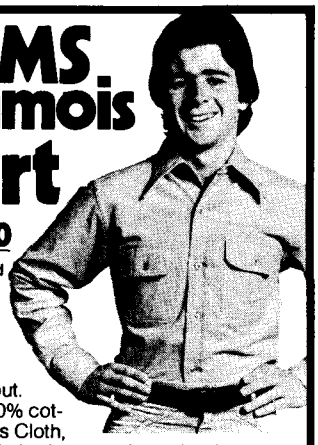

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Running Out of Gas

Marcia Karol

Nothing brings a patriotic mist to the eye like recollection of the shared hardships of World War II, when the government rationed supplies of everything from typewriters to tires. Three decades of plenty have imparted to those memories an even rosier glow. But the age of scarcity may be upon us for good, testing our capacities for sacrifice far more sorely: A recent study argues that we may be dickering with gasoline ration cards within as little as two years.

The study, entitled "The Inevitability of Petroleum Rationing in the United States" and published by the Princeton Center for Alternative Futures, contends that two more years of voracious energy consumption will prove so expensive that we will be forced into more radical conservation measures. The method enshrined in the energy law just passed, that of cutting consumption through increasing prices, will not be enough; the alternative, says author Carter Henderson, former London bureau chief of the *Wall Street Journal*, should be rationing.

Henderson recognizes that a rationing system would enjoy the same popularity as a mandatory diet. But Americans can be convinced to swallow this bitter pill if the disease seems grave enough. It will be soon, writes Henderson; but the President must begin swinging his jawbone right now to convince the recalcitrant public that an energy crisis is imminent.

Once the public beast has been mollified, the federal government would set up ration boards, which would regulate the supply of fuel (Henderson hopes ultimately to decrease consumption) by giving gas coupons to all Americans 18 years or older. Even the 17 percent of us who live in families without cars would receive coupons, which they would then be free to sell to reprobates who can't or won't live on less gas. This "white market" technique would have the ancillary value of transferring money to the financially less fortunate. And if gasoholics want to tank up on their favorite addiction, they might as well get it from the pump, and not from the backyard bootlegger.

Signing Away Your Heart

Catherine Siracusa

A month ago in this space we reported that the abyss of romantic *sang-froid* had been plumbed by the UnMarriage Contract, an agreement specifying the responsibilities of unwed couples to each other. We were premature. The Oklahoma House of Representatives has considered, and has been so bold as to reject, a bill that would compel a lusty young swain to obtain the signature of his adored on a consent form before obtaining her favors in bed.

This new manifesto in the counter-revolution of the sexes was sponsored by a woman, with the aim of protecting the guileless ingenue—a rapidly disappearing species—from predatory males. The consent form stipulates that the man has informed his potential mate that she may become pregnant(!), and that pregnancy, childbirth, and parenthood may entail innumerable miseries for all concerned.

The bill was rejected, not because of its denial of equal protection, but, as the legislature noted, because it would require that the couple "take a secretary and bookkeeper with them" to bed.

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Tom Smith

Of Claims and the River

When the federal government hands money over to a state to build a dam or a canal, the state is expected to say "thank you," and start clearing away the underbrush. But in California, which has always seemed to consider itself autonomous, the State Water Resources Control Board not only disagreed with federal plans to turn a large portion of the Stanislaus River into a reservoir but, for the first time, dragged the feds to the Supreme Court in order to gain control of the project. And won.

The turmoil began when environmentalists put the building of the New Melones Dam, on the Stanislaus, up for referendum. Heavy lobbying by construction companies, however, took the first round. Resigned to the building of the dam, the environmentalists then petitioned the state board to stop the reservoir from being completely filled and ruining miles of the nation's second most popular white-water river. The state board agreed, but when the federal government denied that they had any jurisdiction over the project, the case went to the Supreme Court. It ruled, in *California v. U.S.*, that the state had the right to decide not only the proper uses of the water, but the amount of it involved in the project.

California deputy attorney general Rod Walston has called it "a titanic case in the field of western water control." Until now, states have been content to let the federal government dictate the terms of water projects; but now other states, including the few among them that are environmentally minded, may be emboldened by California's example.

But since most states practice conservation as a hobby, and development as a full-time vocation, the California decision may prove a Pyrrhic victory for environmentalists. As Dave Conrad, assistant director of the American Rivers Council, points out, "States have a worse record in protecting national resources than the federal government."

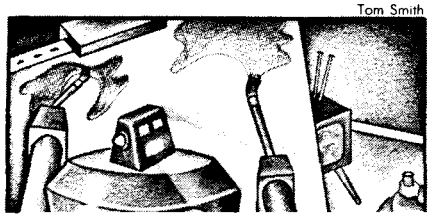
The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Dentist

That all men are created equal, few save the occasional troglodyte would deny; but the proposition that all men create equally would seem untenable for even the most indiscriminate leveller. That die-hard esthetic democrat who does, however, believe that the soul of a poet may be clad as oft in double-knits as in a shepherd's humble togs will rejoice to read the *Teleido-letter*, a new journal designed to "illuminate how men, women, and children *create*."

This new trade magazine for the innovative promises to reduce the workings of the imagination to the status of auto mechanics. The publisher intends "nothing elegant, nothing 'egg-headed' "—a comforting reassurance if you've really had it with intelligence and grace.

The October pilot issue provides a sampling of information which the potential Joyce Kilmer can put readily to use: "creativity-stimulating materials;" inspirational tales of noted creators; and news of paper-processing workers, lawyers, oil company executives, and joggers who have crossed the frontier into self-expression. ◉

Tom Smith



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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Shuffle Off to Valhalla

by Thomas H. Middleton

EVERY ONCE in a while, my wife Jeannie and I feel the need to return to the East Coast to rejuvenate our spirits with the clear air and lush foliage of New England. In September, we went to Vermont and Martha's Vineyard.

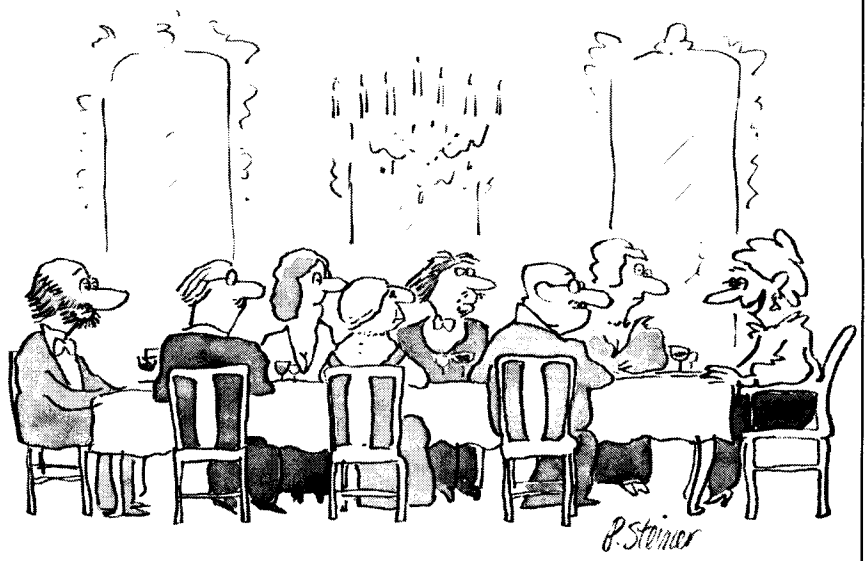
In Woodstock, Vermont, the Dana House is one of the wonderful old historic homes preserved by one of those wonderful old historic homes preservation societies. You get a downstairs guide and an upstairs guide when you take the tour. I can't remember the name of our downstairs guide, but our upstairs guide was a Mrs. Houghton, whose name I recall because she told us she didn't care whether we pronounced it How-ton, Hoe-ton, or Hooton. Mrs. Houghton was gracious enough to take us up to the third floor and show us the music room, which was not yet open to the public. I'm delighted that she did.

Hanging on the music room wall was a sampler, evidently done by a child. On the top of the sampler were embroidered letters of the alphabet, and below them the legend:

Colette Steckel is my name Heaven is my Station America is my dwelling place and christ is my salvation when I am dead and in my grave and all my bones are rotten look at this and think of me when I am quite forgotten the grass is green the rose is red Remember me when I am dead, worked in the year 1841 North whitehall

It's impossible to know whether Colette Steckel had a morbid fascination with death or simply a healthy acceptance of it as the terminal fact of life, but I think it's safe to say that if a child of our time wrote, "...when I am dead and in my grave and all my bones are rotten," and particularly if she did it in needlework, her parents would get in touch with a child psychologist. It seems that today's children know all the facts of life, but, except for innumerable casual references to killing, they probably hear much less about death than they used to.

I'd like to think that Colette Steckel had two ways of regarding death: one grisly way—"dead and in my grave and all my bones are rotten"—which gave her lovely thrills of horror; and another peaceful one, in which she saw her immortal soul, still looking very much like her earthly incarnation, floating around in celestial green pastures with a lot of kindred souls. I think that's one of her themes in "Heaven is my Station" and "christ is my salvation." (It was Colette who capitalized Heaven, but not Christ.)



"Does anyone mind if I cuss?"

I suppose all thinking people must give some consideration to the phenomenon of death. We must all know people who claim to be sure that death is absolute and the rest is nothingness, and we know others who are certain that there is an afterlife of some kind, be it celestial, ghostly, or metempsychic.

I envy those who have that certainty of faith in an afterlife in which we will be able to hobnob with the likes of Shakespeare, Milton, Bing Crosby, and Louis Armstrong. I don't have it.

Some of our notions of death can be gathered from the fascinating variety of images of death and dying: "The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn no traveller returns"; "give up the ghost"; "cash in your chips"; "kick the bucket"; "pass away"; "the Grim Reaper"; and dozens more.

There's Tennyson's gentle "And may there be no sadness of farewell/When I embark" and "I hope to see my Pilot face to face/When I have crossed the bar." In contrast, Dylan Thomas's "Do not go gentle into that good night,/Old age should burn and rave at close of day;/Rage, rage against the dying of the light." But poor Dylan Thomas barely made it to middle age.

I have an image of my own death which is probably unique. It stems in part from the phrase "when we have shuffled off this mortal coil," and in part from the fact that I can do a shuffle-off-to-Buffalo, however clumsily. Years ago, I showed a French friend my shuffle-off-to-Buffalo, and, thanks to her misunderstanding of the term "shuffle off to Buffalo" and my own unusual dancing style, she thought I was doing a creditable imitation of a water buffalo.

Anyway, "when we have shuffled off this mortal coil" brings to my mind the image of a man—myself—doing a shuffle-off-to-Buffalo exit to the great Unknown. Step, tap-tap hop; step, tap-tap hop. Since I can do the tap-tap hop only with my right foot, and since the tap-tap hop foot is the trailing foot, I always travel to my left when I shuffle off to Buffalo. So my personal image of my own dying is "Exit, stage left, shuffling off to Buffalo."

That, I think, is the most bizarre revelation I've ever committed to print. Who knows? Maybe some day I'll be able to tell Bill Shakespeare, Bing Crosby, and Colette Steckel. ◉

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The anti-regulation chorus

What a grand sound it is, this chorus picking up the tune that proliferation of government regulation is stifling the American economy. You've heard it from us before, of course, but some diverse new voices are joining in.

For example, it was the main theme struck at the American Bar Association's recent convention:

—Don't enlarge the "regulatory web," warned Assistant Attorney General John H. Shenefield, saying that continued federal regulation of energy industries could be at least as harmful as anticompetitive behavior by business itself.

—"A new pragmatism" in regulation is needed, Senator Edward Kennedy asserted. He criticized the "...government mentality that sees regulation as the natural order of the universe, that equates the Federal Register with Holy Writ, and that believes that anything the marketplace can do, government can do better."

—The Department of Energy wants to "permit market forces to really be felt in decision-making," Deputy Administrator John O'Leary said, noting that the department is planning to back off from its role as regulator.

—Government regulation "...increasingly controls, restrains and limits many of the productive elements of our society," a blue-ribbon ABA panel, headed by the distinguished attorney, John J. McCloy, reported to assembled members.

The panel's three-year study recommended a regulatory overhaul and less direct federal intervention in the economy. Though its final report for ABA approval isn't due until next year, the current draft recommends deregulation of competitive industries, alternatives to rigid standard-setting, more reliance on tax incentives and antitrust enforcement, greater Presidential authority over regulatory agencies, streamlined regulatory procedures, sunset legislation so agencies don't become "immortal," and gradual decontrol of commodities such as oil and gas.

And, although we didn't expect it, we were pleasantly surprised when California Governor Jerry Brown described federal oil regulations in testimony before a House subcommittee in these words, "... the strangest, most complicated, bizarre, and insane [mess]... designed by experts to rip off the American consumer."

Sure, all this sounds oddly familiar—we've said the same kind of thing before, and so have other businessmen, and a few academics. But it's a delight to hear these points made by so many others now. After all, if the chorus gets loud enough, can action be too far behind?

Mobil

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Heartburn Hotel

by Anthony Burgess

IT IS CERTAINLY from a blue coast that I am, after Sunday morning hot cakes with sausage, tapping these notes, but it is not my regular, or only, or azure one. This is the coast of Florida, Key West. I am comfortably settled in the Holiday Inn here and am glad, after being in other hotels, to be in it. "The best surprise is no surprise," as the organization's cunning sloganeers put it, meaning that every Holiday Inn is a near-exact reproduction of every other. I think only the one in Montreal looks and feels like some other kind of hotel, with *strong* coffee and *boeuf à la bourguignonne* in the coffee shop. I associate Holiday Inns with bland unmemorable dreams, no hangovers, no sharp stimulation of the tastebuds, but no dyspepsia either. I have experienced traumata in only one, that in Minneapolis.

One morning there I asserted my Englishman's right to drink tea at breakfast. Americans, after that shameful jettisoning in Boston harbor, cut themselves off from tea-drinking cultures and joined the French and Italians in their vicious and volitional ignorance of the true technique of tea-brewing. An Englishman feels at his most homesick when faced with a single teabag languishing in tepid water. In the Holiday Inn in Minneapolis I gave strict instructions. "Take one of those coffee jugs there. In it place six teabags. Over those teabags pour boiling water. Then bring it to me at once." My request was cheerfully and courteously obeyed; or so it seemed. The steaming jug was almost piped in, as the Scots pipe in a haggis. I poured, I tasted, I choked. Six teabags had been dunked in a hot pot of Holiday Inn coffee. That would teach the ornery limey. I have never since asked for tea in America. The same day, to ram home the lesson, some nut set that Holiday Inn on fire. I had to go and stay at the Sheraton.

Before coming on this present trip to Key West I had to stay at the Sheraton at London's Heathrow Airport. It is astonishing how the Sheraton people can export so accurately even the privations of what may be termed their prototels. You cannot get fresh vegetables in American hotel restaurants, only a salad with a choice of four dressings. In the midst of a leguminously prodigal English autumn, the Heathrow Sheraton offered only a sour-creamed baked spud and a salad with thousand island dressing. I am one of those who cannot eat lettuce; my saliva dries up. Most Englishmen agree with Dr. Johnson, who gave the following recipe for a salad: "Take a lettuce. Wash it. Dry it. Season with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar. Then throw it away."

Is it possible that those New York strip sirloins are actually imported from the States to a city whose Smithfield Market groans with burgundy-hued beeves? There is, to mollify this American fear of contagion by the exotic, actually an American hotel in London that gives its guests a 10-channelled simulacrum of the stateside television situation. There is even a PBS channel that gives BBC plays at a kind of disinfected remove. Bedroom curtains drawn, White Owl cigar hooting away, pre-bottled whisky sour, strip sirloin and Roqueforted salad quietly digesting, an American visitor to Europe can switch on *I, Claudius* and say: "Honey, we're abroad."

Of course, Englishmen traveling in the United States evince, in moments of nostalgic weakness, the same insularity. I think that the Sir Francis Drake in San Francisco is the finest hotel on the Coast because it serves the finest steak and kidney pie on the Coast, perhaps in the world. In New York I have had to wean myself from the Algonquin, since that great hotel encourages the illusion that one is still safe in London, an illusion abetted by the fellow guestship of, say, Peter Ustinov or Jonathan Miller; West 44th almost loses its air of mindless malevolence. But one should be willing to brave the Americanness of American hotels, since the world's hotels will soon all be American.

I have no objection to this, so long as they do not set as their model the Radisson Muehlbach Hotel in Kansas City. I had been booked in there, along with a British television team, at least a month and a half before actual arrival. There were confirmations and reconfirmations, the last being made from Salt Lake City a day before flying to Kansas City. One of our party had elected to travel from the one to the other by Greyhound bus, arriving before the rest of us and staking our collective claim at the Radisson Muehlbach. The rest of us had a rough traveling time and presented ourselves at the hotel reception desk at 6:25 PM on the scheduled day. We were told that, as we had not prevailed over meteorological acts of God and gotten there by six, our reservations had been cancelled. We protested; we were grudgingly found rooms. Still, somebody had to be punished. The somebody was myself.

I was given a room without a key. To get to my room I had to be accompanied by a porter with a passkey, meaning a dollar tip each time. The seventh time I said: "Look, I have a $20 bill and two quarters. I apologize for not being able to give you a dollar." The porter said: "That's all right. I can change anything up to a hundred." And so, by God, he could. The room had no bed, only a sofa which, I was assured, could be made up into a bed. There was nobody to do this making up. I had two painful shakedown nights. Nobody came to clean the room. There were no sheets, no clean towels, no soap. I got, at checkout, a grudging $40 rebate, but I would have preferred two nights of clean deep sleep. I knew there was something wrong with that hotel when I saw that their French-style restaurant was called The Carrousel. And so I am glad to be back at a Holiday Inn, digesting my hot cakes and looking forward mildly to rejecting the lunchtime salad, surrounded by amiable American obesity and Muzak. ◉

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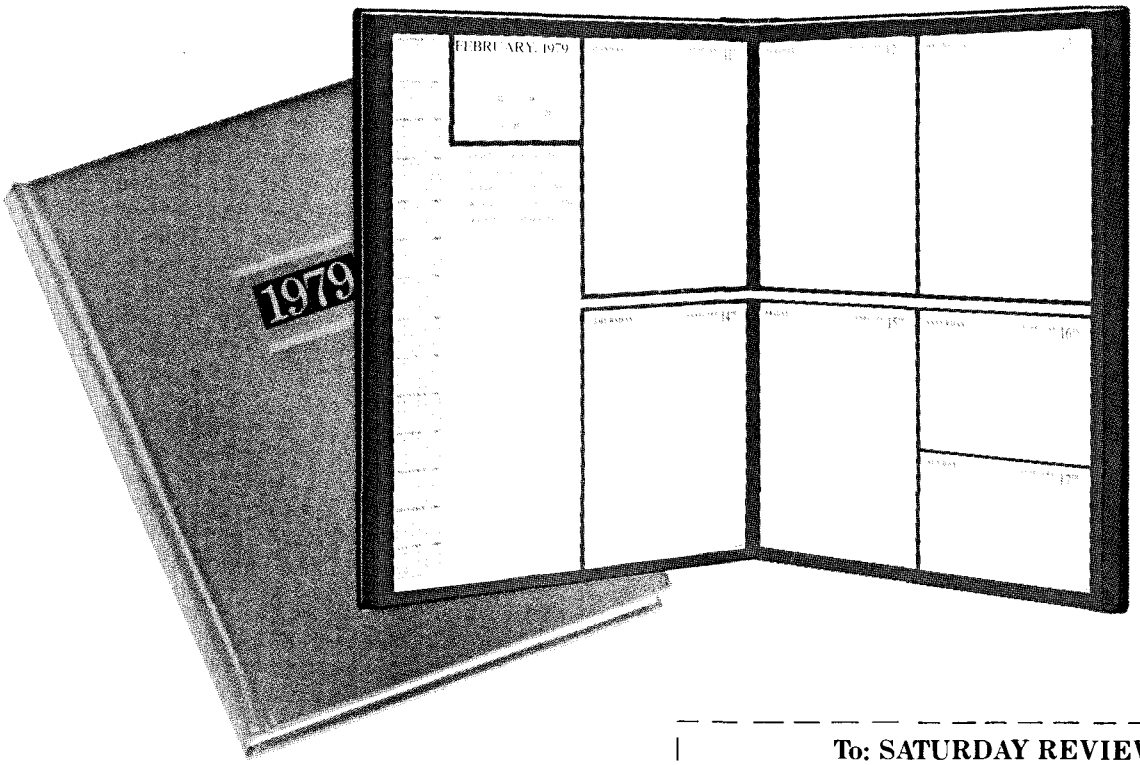

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Christmas Crisis

by Goodman Ace

IT WAS THE WEEK before Christmas, and the Heavenly Hosts had long been busy preparing to celebrate the glorious day of His birth. The fleecy clouds had been decked with miles of red and green ribbon, and tinsel hung from all the "blessed candles of the night." The streets of solid gold were paved over with banks of fake snow. Standing in a place of honor, last year's Christmas tree shone like new, resplendently trimmed with globes of imitation colored crystal. Meanwhile, the rehearsal hall resounded to the voices of angels trolling the ancient yuletide carols.

St. Peter stood at his Gate dusting off an old holly wreath for the Pearly Portal, while he softly hummed "Silent Night." Suddenly the heavens were stilled and the voice of God came thundering over the intercom: "Memo to the Keeper of the Gate! Despite the aura of peace which I personally created to hover over the trumpeted Camp David summit meeting, warfare still prevails over the planet Earth, raging from Iran to Nicaragua to Lebanon. They continue to talk 'peace' but think 'war.' Therefore, I order that all preparations for celebrating His birthday be held in abeyance. And for God's sake, tell those angels to stop that trolling. It's making Me nervous. I'm getting that feeling of guilt again."

St. Peter recognized wrath when he heard it. In moments, the angels came scurrying to the Gate babbling in chorus to protest their displeasure. He quieted them, saying, "There may be only one chance. We have one week."

"Theresa," he said, pointing to one of the more voluble angels, "you will fly down to Earth and discover the reasons for these wars and their instigators. Perhaps by some miracle—one small miracle within my province—we can fulfill the prayer of Luke for 'Peace on Earth, good will to men.' Time is of the essence. You will report to me over the red celestial phone as soon as possible."

And so it was that Theresa flew down and landed, unplanned, on the United Nations Plaza, 45th Street and First Avenue in New York City. There was an unfortunate squabble with the local constabulary about her flying low over a crowded city without a DPL license plate. After a night in jail, she was released on her own recognizance and spent the entire next day listening to debates and to their many translations.

That night she phoned St. Peter: "This is Theresa. I have just discovered where and how the wars begin. It's in the United Nations Building, where more than a hundred countries, some large and powerful, some small and disadvantaged, sit in solemn assembly, and in foreign tongues give vent to their suspicions and hatred. It's a veritable Tower of Babel. More later, when I have discovered the names of the more violent of the warmongers."

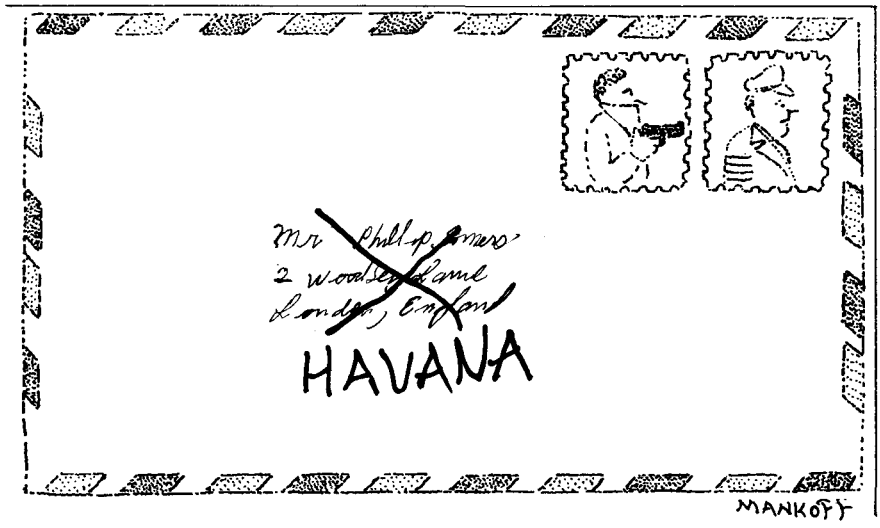
"Very good, Theresa. Carry on. Remember, though, we have only five days left."

But it was three days before Theresa called again: "Hello, Peter darling. This is Terry. I'm out in Hollywood now. I would have called you yesterday but they have some sort of ritual here honoring celebrities. I'm a celebrity here, darling, so they took me in front of a theater and placed my feet in cement. It took me all day yesterday to get unglued. I had gotten a tip in New York that if I went to California I could contact the commander-in-chief of the last American war, and he could give me the names of the military enthusiasts. Once we got to talking about wars he was quite charming. He even gave me a book he had written—a $20 book. I offered to pay for it, but he said it was a 'freebie'."

"Theresa, never mind that. Is he the one who started the last war?"

"Au contraire, darling. He said he had had a plan to end the war. But for some reason or other, he ended before it did. But I'm leaving the best part for last. I was invited to speak at a huge ERA luncheon and was made an honorary ERA member. I accepted, telling them I took it to stand for Equal Rights for Angels. I told them of a plan I had to stop all wars, which I modeled on Lysistrata's idea for ending the 25-year Peloponnesian War. She had organized all the women to lock themselves in the Acropolis, telling their husbands that unless they abstained from these eternal wars, their wives would abstain from any further husband-wife relationships. But the plan I gave them was a switch on Lysistrata's. That's old hat these days. They should do the opposite, insist on constant nonstop relationships with their men, who would thus become too weakened to bestir themselves to make wars. This will demonstrate how much macho these machos really have. The applause was deafening. Ciao, Peter darling."

Slightly befuddled, but realizing the urgency of the situation, St. Peter went to report what Theresa had told him. After a brief meditation, God dolefully shook His head and went to the intercom: "Disregard first memo canceling Christmas. Having just learned of the extremities to which the people of the planet Earth will go to gain peace, even with their new and advanced lifestyles, I am deeply touched. Therefore, in accordance with My renowned compassion, I order all preparations for the Christmas celebration to go forward. And a Merry Christmas to all Man-and-Womankind." ◉



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EDITORIAL

How to Make People Smaller Than They Are

THREE MONTHS AGO in this space we wrote about the costly retreat from the humanities on all the levels of American education. Since that time, we have had occasion to visit a number of campuses and have been troubled to find that the general situation is even more serious than we had thought. It has become apparent to us that one of the biggest problems confronting American education today is the increasing vocationalization of our colleges and universities. Throughout the country, schools are under pressure to become job-training centers and employment agencies.

The pressure comes mainly from two sources. One is the growing determination of many citizens to reduce taxes—understandable and even commendable in itself, but irrational and irresponsible when connected to the reduction or dismantling of vital public services. The second source of pressure comes from parents and students who tend to scorn courses of study that do not teach people how to become attractive to employers in a rapidly tightening job market.

It is absurd to believe that the development of skills does not also require the systematic development of the human mind. Education is being measured more by the size of the benefits the individual can extract from society than by the extent to which the individual can come into possession of his or her full powers. The result is that the life-giving juices are in danger of being drained out of education.

Emphasis on "practicalities" is being characterized by the subordination of words to numbers. History is seen not as essential experience to be transmitted to new generations, but as abstractions that carry dank odors. Art is regarded as something that calls for indulgence or patronage and that has no place among the practical realities. Political science is viewed more as a specialized subject for people who want to go into politics than as an opportunity for citizens to develop a knowledgeable relationship with the systems by which human societies are governed. Finally, literature and philosophy are assigned the role of add-ons—intellectual adornments that have nothing to do with "genuine" education.

Instead of trying to shrink the liberal arts, the American people ought to be putting pressure on colleges and universities to increase the ratio of the humanities to the sciences. Most serious studies of medical-school curricula in recent years have called attention to the stark gaps in the liberal education of medical students. The experts agree that the schools shouldn't leave it up to students to close those gaps.

We must not make it appear, however, that nothing is being done. In the past decade, the National Endowment for the Humanities has been a prime mover in infusing the liberal arts into medical education and other specialized schools. During this past year alone, NEH has given 108 grants to medical schools and research organizations in the areas of ethics and human values. Some medical schools, like the one at Pennsylvania State University, have led the way in both the number and the depth of courses offered in the humanities. Penn State has been especially innovative in weaving literature and philosophy into the full medical course of study. It is ironical that the pressure against the humanities should be manifesting itself at precisely the time when so many medical schools are at long last moving in this direction.

The irony of the emphasis being placed on careers is that nothing is more valuable for anyone who has had a professional or vocational education than to be able to deal with abstractions or complexities, or to feel comfortable with subtleties of thought or language, or to think sequentially. The doctor who knows only disease is at a disadvantage alongside the doctor who knows at least as much about people as he does about pathological organisms. The lawyer who argues in court from a narrow legal base is no match for the lawyer who can connect legal precedents to historical experience and who employs wide-ranging intellectual resources. The business executive whose competence in general management is bolstered by an artistic ability to deal with people is of prime value to his company. For the technologist, the engineering of consent can be just as important as the engineering of moving parts. In all these respects, the liberal arts have much to offer. Just in terms of career preparation, therefore, a student is shortchanging himself by shortcutting the humanities.

But even if it could be demonstrated that the humanities contribute nothing directly to a job, they would still be an essential part of the educational equipment of any person who wants to come to terms with life. The humanities would be expendable only if human beings didn't have to make decisions that affect their lives and the lives of others; if the human past never existed or had nothing to tell us about the present; if thought processes were irrelevant to the achievement of purpose; if creativity was beyond the human mind and had nothing to do with the joy of living; if human relationships were random aspects of life; if human beings never had to cope with panic or pain, or if they never had to anticipate the connection between cause and effect; if all the mysteries of mind and nature were fully plumbed; and if no special demands arose from the accident of being born a human being instead of a hen or a hog.

Finally, there would be good reason to eliminate the humanities if a free society were not absolutely dependent on a functioning citizenry. If the main purpose of a university is job training, then the underlying philosophy of our government has little meaning. The debates that went into the making of American society concerned not just institutions or governing principles but the capacity of humans to sustain those institutions. Whatever the disagreements were over other issues at the American Constitutional Convention, the fundamental question sensed by everyone, a question that lay over the entire assembly, was whether the people themselves would understand what it meant to hold the ultimate power of society, and whether they had enough of a sense of history and destiny to know where they had been and where they ought to be going.

Jefferson was prouder of having been the founder of the University of Virginia than of having been President of the United States. He knew that the educated and developed mind was the best assurance that a political system could be made to work—a system based on the informed consent of the governed. If this idea fails, then all the saved tax dollars in the world will not be enough to prevent the nation from turning on itself.—N.C.

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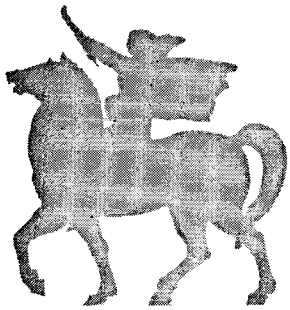

THE HEROES OF OUR TIMES

by Reynolds Price

OUR NEED FOR HEROES is at least as old as our need for enemies. The earliest literary texts of western civilization were propped in powerful compulsion round the names of actual men—large, honorable, and honored in proportion: Gilgamesh, Abraham, Moses, Achilles. The compulsion and its famous results continued, with few interruptions, till a hundred years ago. Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" and Whitman's poems on the death of Lincoln remain, oddly, the most recent in a line of heroic monuments nearly four millennia long. Where are their successors?

Maybe the pause is not odd and is in fact a break. Where after all are our epics and tragedies?—fragmented into novels and movies, ghosts of their old life-giving forms. Tennyson himself, in contemplating the Iron Duke's corpse, predicted the end—"Mourn, for to us he seems the last." Of later poets writing in English only Auden, in his elegies for Yeats and Freud, succeeded in erecting sizable and apparently durable memorials. Where are the poems on, the distinguished portraits of, the hymns to Marie Curie, Albert Einstein, Douglas MacArthur, Pablo Picasso, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Claus von Stauffenberg? Where are the odes to the three popular heroes of the recent American past—John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr.? They are plainly honored in the national imagination—millions of chromos in millions of homes attest to that, and a grotesque hunger for news of their survivors (no gobbet too small or rank) continues to gorge itself. They are of course the subject of numerous memoirs, biographies, films. But is their absence from serious imaginative art only another sign of the disastrous separation of cultured life from common life; or have good writers, painters, sculptors, and composers been sensitive and responsive for years to a rising sound that is only now being widely heard?—*There are no present heroes. Most dead ones were frauds.*

An answer to the first question would lead far afield (though whatever claims are made for a national "arts explosion" can be quickly refuted by any good artist). My answer to the second is a quick yes—artists in droves have turned their backs on their ancient love and preservation of heroes. Why? Because artists of all sorts, as society's most attentive observers, began early in this century to abandon the traditional definitions of heroism and have found no equally fertilizing substitutes. The explanations, again, would be complex; but important among them are the growth of compassion for the poor and powerless (traditional heroes being mostly highborn and powerful), the backwash of revulsion after the Great War at the patent stupidity and savagery of politicians and generals, and—crucial—the steady spread by press, radio, and now television of intimate information.

It's the merciless flood of *information* that has made living heroes apparently so rare, if not invisible, and so perilous on their heights. The classical world decided wisely that any human being accorded the honors and monuments of a hero must be, above all, dead. Even with their primitive apparatus for the dissemination of news, Greeks, Romans, Jews, and early Christians saw that today's still-breathing "hero" may easily be tomorrow's criminal or fool. (The first hero of whom we possess anything approaching a full picture is King David; and if—with his womanizing, his murders and family scandals—he seems more human and interesting than Moses or Elijah, he is also proportionately less inspiring of reverence and emulation.)

By contrast, Americans in the 19th and 20th centuries have often rushed to elevate the living only to discover dark patches of fungus on the idol's face and hands—Henry Ward Beecher, Warren Harding, Richard Nixon, to name only three from a long roll of fallen. All subsequent would-be heroes have suffered from the ensuing disillusion. (It's obvious but accurate to say that President Carter and his family are unavoidably attacked by the lingering spores of the Johnson-Nixon blight.) And in the past decade the dead themselves have proved alarmingly vulnerable. Posthumous allegations of sexual adventuring by Franklin Roosevelt, John and Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, Jr.—men who capitalized on the public desire for immaculate family loyalty—have shaken if not toppled their shrines. In short, another human need—for unashamed praise this side idolatry—has been balked; and any parent now searching the walls of his child's room for icons of heroes is likely to find no face older than a rock star's or an athlete's, no person likely to do what he presently does throughout a lifetime.

"Alas. But ho-hum. It was always thus," you may well respond, and I'll partly concur. The cult of living heroes has always been dangerously close to adolescent crush at best and, at worst, to psychopathic craving. At the very word *hero*, a number of our minds automatically run vivid home-movies of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin on balconies—genuine

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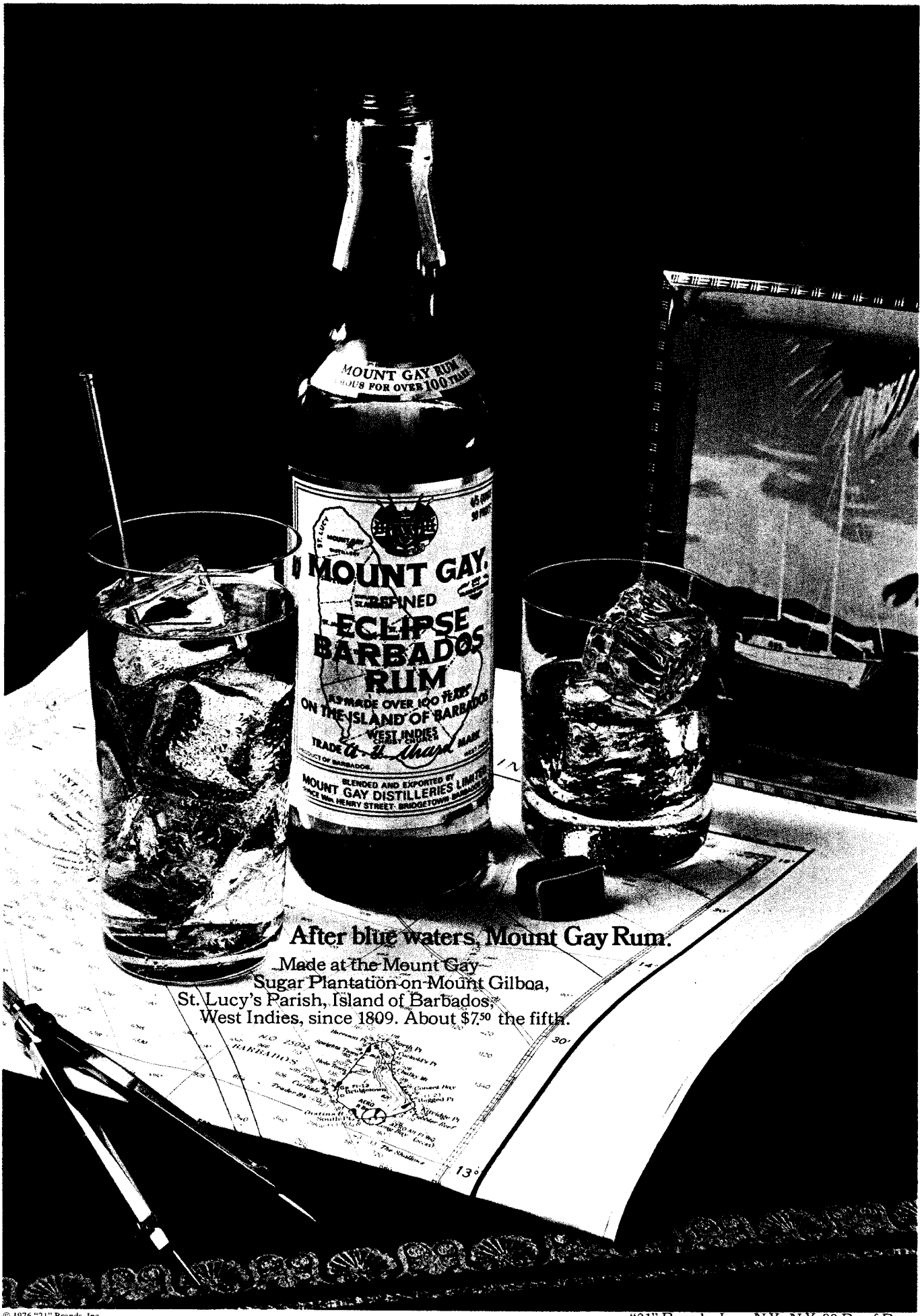

After blue waters, Mount Gay Rum.

Made at the Mount Gay
Sugar Plantation on Mount Gilboa,
St. Lucy's Parish, Island of Barbados,
West Indies, since 1809. About $7.50 the fifth.

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"21" Brands, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 90 Proof Rum

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How can we stop the rest of the world from dumping on us when we're dumping on ourselves?
If you're a New Yorker, Sweep it. Bag it. Can it.
DON'T DUMP ON NEW YORK
I love a CLEAN New York

NY 11/2

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beasts borne grinning toward us on seas of faces damp with adoration. And nearer to home, most of us endured the daily televised arrival in our homes of the villainous faces of the Vietnam War—just as we continue to endure the efforts of newly skilled electronic artisans to stoke our old hungers to fever-pitch for some man or woman with no greater claim than an out-of-hand ego yearning for worship. In such a dizzying tide, surely we could relish a period of calm, admiring the admirable souls we meet in daily life but sworn off the hunt for national saviors or personal outsized templates for glamour and bravery?

I doubt we can. The need is too old, too ingrained in the kind of creature we are (slow to leave childhood and capable of love). At its purest, the need has always been our strongest lure to education; lives of great men and women *have* always reminded us we can make our lives quite literally sublime—lifted up, raised above the customary trails our nature has cut for itself through eons. And while many of us have had the early good luck to encounter and recognize heroic figures in our own homes, schools, or towns, such encounters have not often permanently satisfied the full need. The need is for figures both grand *and* distant. Why?

Partly because grandeur is best comprehended from a distance—an eye pressed to the floor of the Grand Canyon is seeing only grit. Partly because grandeur seen close often reveals beer cans, chicken bones, immortal plastic. Mainly, though, because distance itself implies a journey—time and effort, endurance and strengthening. Hometown models have a disconcerting tendency to seem too possible and to shrink as we grow. What we want are models visible on their heights and all-but-inimitable in gifts and achievements. Tennyson at Wellington's bier defined the hope—"On God and Godlike men we build our trust." Provided that our God is merciful and just, we have always profited from real demigods who lure us up. And *up* is the catch. Illusory heroes have frequently lured us *on* if not *down*. Hence the current healthy suspicion and aversion, the falling-off in attendance at old shrines, the consequent awarding of fame and awe to pathetic instant celebrities.

The classical world decided wisely that any human accorded the honors of a hero must be, above all, dead.

But a lull is a good time to look back and forward, to brace for the next wave—bound to come. What, in an age of nearly total information, can heroes be? Can they exist at all, in any form worth noting? Must we choose them blind as romantic lovers choose—and accept them at our doors like foundlings, bane or blessing? Or may we exercise study and judgment and select what is likely to serve and last? Since I'm proposing a true fool's errand—laying down law for regions where whim has always prevailed—I'll push to a rash end and answer the questions.

Heroes must be figures whom we feel to be unnaturally charged with some force we want but seem to lack—courage, craft, intelligence, stamina, beauty—and by imaginary contact with whom we experience a transfer of the force desired. Since we require that they stand at a distance and since they no longer come to us veiled in impenetrable art, we learn of their triumphs from a press that is equally prone to discover their faults. We're lucky, therefore, when our heroes are chosen for qualities that function more or less independently of our personal sense of morality. If we admire a priest for his charity and self-sacrifice, our admiration will be shattered by news of his intricate involvement with a ring of superior call-girls. If the same revelation includes the name of an idolized professional athlete, the new light may only enhance the athlete's glamour and power (Tennyson was plainly undeterred by Wellington's parallel fame as the sexual hero of a thousand boudoirs).

Hence there's profound unconscious wisdom at work in the present mass cults for athletes, actors, musicians. Since we honor them for what we perceive as *physical* skills, the honor is not so fragile as that we bestow on peacetime rulers, clergy, doctors, lawyers, all kinds of teachers (in wartime, obviously, soldiers are honored for defensive ferocity). Brilliant performing artists *are* the safest heroes. In the current state of moral tolerance, their heroism is seriously threatened only by their health, and maybe by discovery of some involvement in the cruel exploitation of children.

Ideally then, in prevailing conditions of scrutiny, our heroes should be either dead (and judged safe) or alive but revered for strengths that are relatively amoral, though never vicious. Such a caution isn't meant to preclude the finding of large rewarding figures almost anywhere one needs to look—commerce, science, literature, fine arts, law, the military, cookery, labor, even government. It is, however, meant to define again the original core of true heroism, its first and most nearly irresistible base—the human *body* (at its strongest, boldest, most beautiful) and the deeds that flow direct from that body, broad memorable gestures on the waiting air. Few of us are agile, graceful, picturesque, or eloquent enough to be immune to the use of models who stand today in that ancient line. And luckily there's a long line of candidates—from Leontyne Price, John Travolta, and Natalia Makarova to Johnny Weismuller, Bruce Jenner, Martha Graham and on: their recorded perfection preserved from age and failure.

Yet however heroic in their different ways such names seem to me, I cannot hope to convey them intact into your pantheon. For if the recent hawking of celebrities (solid or weightless) has demonstrated their fragility as models, it has simultaneously proved the impossibility of arousing the degree of permanent excitement and admiration that is indispensable for the choice of heroes, by masses or individuals. Lasting and useful heroes *are* objects of love—love of all sorts: altruistic, erotic, passive, potentially destructive—and are chosen by levels of the mind beyond the reach of external persuasion. They may thus be either helpful or damaging, but not premeditated, interviewed, selected by cool personnel procedures. Their suddenness and mystery is precisely their power, their promise and threat. The best we can do, as we scan their dazzling faces and feel their strong pull, is to scan ourselves—to probe our own weaknesses, vacancies, and know which of them need filling and why. Then at least we can wait, informed and prepared, for the unconscious acts of choice and ardor.

It may in fact seem a bad time for heroes. Their old gleam, the old force they promised to lend us, seem genuinely and justly tarnished, worthy of suspicion. It also seems a bad time for love. There can be no question that it's always seemed so (world literature says very little else). Still the world has proved lovable year after year—though in shrinking enclaves of beauty, honesty, excellence, persistence. The chief surviving enclaves, now as always, are single human beings. The list of those whom we—at our own best—can love, serve, honor, and use as anchors in the riptides round us is surely no shorter than it's ever been. To say we lack heroes is to come dangerously close to saying we lack the capacity to love. It is certainly to say that we lack self-knowledge of our own predicament as incomplete creatures, capable of height. ◉

Reynolds Price is James B. Duke Professor at Duke University.

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A PORTFOLIO OF PORTRAITS

"The best we can do, as we scan their dazzling faces and feel their strong pull, is to scan ourselves — to probe our own weaknesses, vacancies, and know which of them need filling and why."
— Reynolds Price

While the public hero may be a victim of overexposure and skepticism, most of us possess private heroes whom we respect for private reasons. What follows is a gallery of such heroes, chosen by individual editors of Saturday Review and photographed by Hiro, together with brief explanations of the reasons why they were chosen. To the extent that they mirror our aspirations, these men and women reflect values that are worth celebrating.

Photographs by Hiro

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ROBERT PENN WARREN

Because he wrote "What is man but his passion?" and lives life in strict, calm discipleship to his passion, never ceasing to seek some transcendent meaning to existence, and to strive to articulate that meaning in poems and fictions. Because in this age of hype and sell-outs, he has never sold out. And because, now that he is 70 years old, his passion, like that of Verdi, Yeats, Tolstoy, Picasso, and those precious few other masters who retained their mastery in old age, does not flag, and his vision grows in strength and in wisdom.

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LEONTYNE PRICE

Because at a time when her race constituted a discouragement, in a profession where it constituted a millstone, she trusted the pressure of her enormous endowments, and ascended to eminence in opera and concert. Now – 26 years after her professional debut – she continues to bless the world with a voice as beautiful as any in memory, an artistry and dignity unsurpassed. The first American-trained singer since Rosa Ponselle to achieve supremacy in international opera, she gives emphatic notice of retaining her unchallenged place in the circle of purest excellence.

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ISAAC STERN

Because he has grown to greatness as a violinist in America, where he was brought from Russia at the age of two. Because he regards music as a means of communication, not as an opportunity to show off, and has given selflessly to promote the careers of such younger artists as Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman. Above all, because he showed a rare order of initiative and artistic responsibility in organizing a lobby for the preservation of Carnegie Hall, which is now flourishing as never before.

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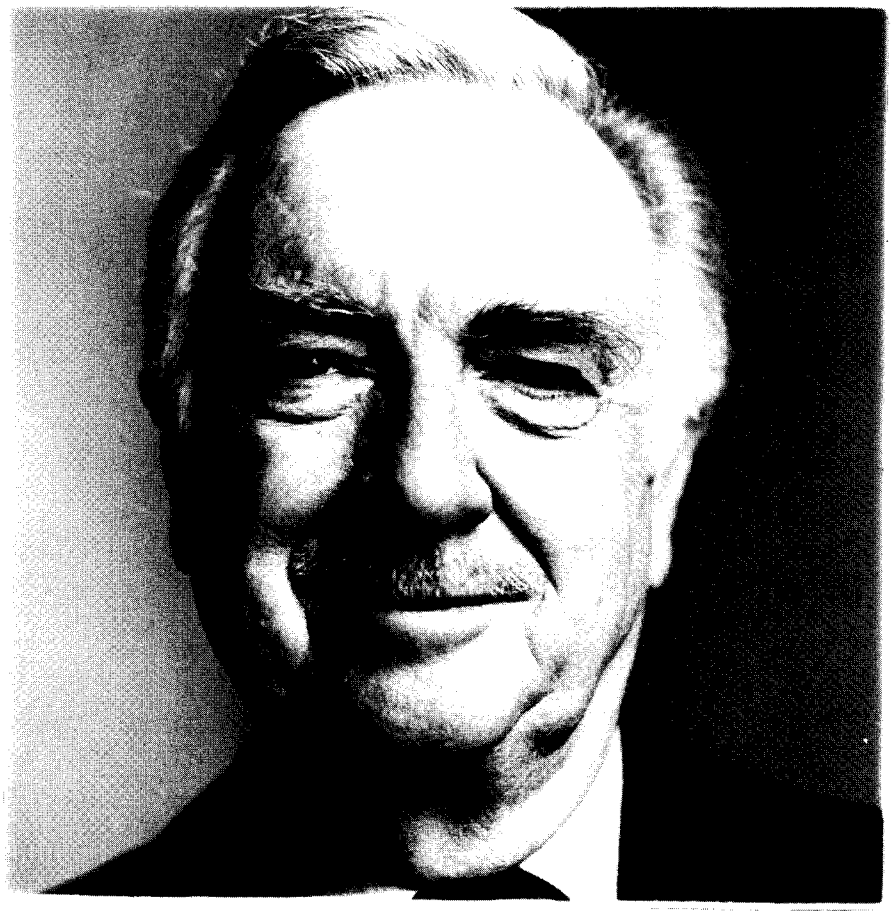

WALTER CRONKITE

Because he is first a reporter; he does not – like so many of his colleagues – cover himself covering a story, or resort to sensationalism. Because he has not allowed himself to be swayed by his access to heads of state and other newsmakers. Because this trusted, familiar television newsman has become something of a diplomat. (His 1977 interviews with Begin and Sadat, for instance, led directly to the first face-to-face contact between the two men.) Because he has bettered the world for those who observe it, and for those who direct its events.

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MUHAMMED ALI

Because from the first he was exceptional, bringing dazzling physical gifts and personal magnetism to a profession desperately in need of both. Because he announced that he was the greatest, and for 18 years no one has proved him wrong. Because he protested the Vietnam War at great cost — when he might have served the armed forces by doing nothing more dangerous than entertaining with his skills — and then endured his exile from boxing with dignity. Finally, because in an age when other great champions have discreetly retired, he continues to put himself to the test.

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WILLIAM MASTERS AND VIRGINIA JOHNSON

Because in a period of unenlightened sexual attitudes, these "just plain folks" from the American heartland – dismayed at the prevailing ignorance in an area of human concern – had the courage to undertake the first scientific study in history of human sexual activity. Because they not only finally revealed the detailed physiological course of events that characterizes the primal human drama, but also evolved a system of therapy – and trained other therapists in their methods – to relieve the anguish of uncounted thousands of sexually troubled couples.

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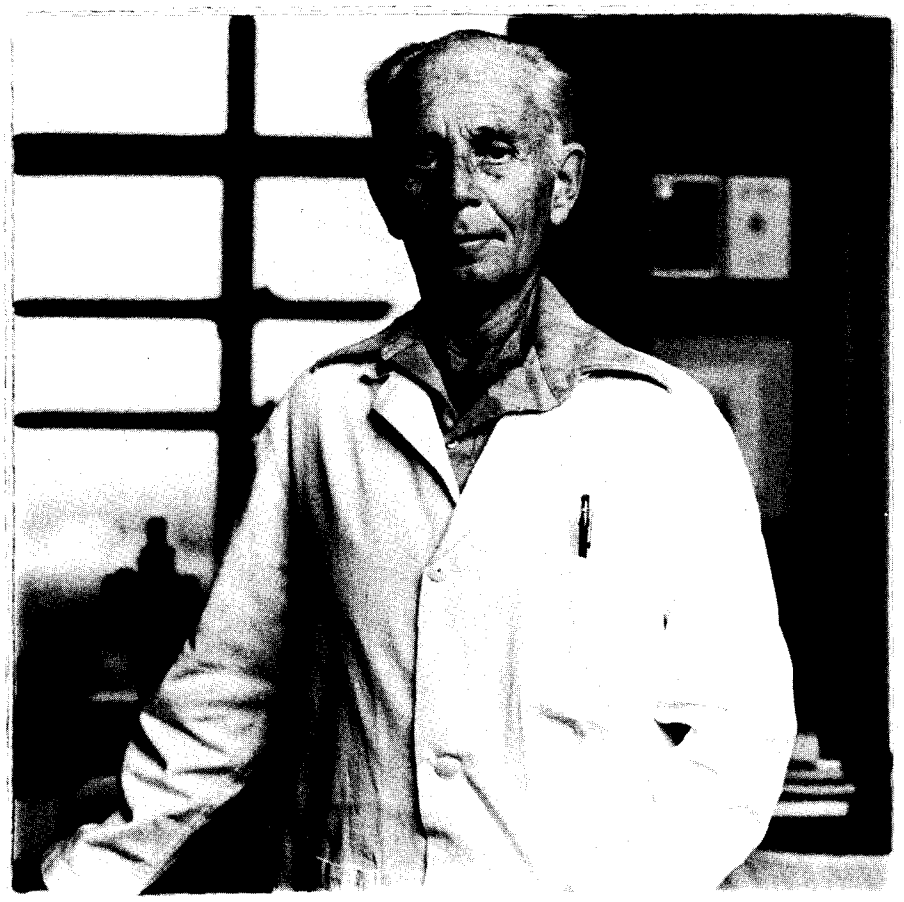

HANS SELYE

Because he is a doctor-philosopher in the best tradition, a tradition made luminous by such great names in medicine as Walter Cannon (who was his teacher), Hans Zinsser, Sir William Osler, and Dana Atchley. Because his classic book, ***The Stress of Life***, detailed more completely than ever before the way anxiety, frustration, suppressed rage, and hate produce alterations in the endocrine system. Because his concerns range beyond medicine to the human condition, and most of all, because he inspires respect for the possibilities of a human being.

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LOUISE NEVELSON

Because in her sculpture she engages heroic themes, while in her printed words she has described the price paid in human pain and sacrifice for such aspirations. Because this Russian-born artist's assemblages of wood and metal may be read as scenes and figures from the central myth of the century: that of the immigrant-exile adrift on cross tides of revolution. Finally, in an era torn between fear and hope, she has sought an imaginative form that might outlive all losses.

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R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

Because he is, above all, a Great Connector, forging links between young and old, our Earth and the Universe. Because underlying all these lines of connection and awareness is a pervasive and unmistakable love of human beings, radiating out of a warm and open personality. Because, although he is usually identified as an architect, his basic mission is that of a poet creating images that open up large areas of the creative and moral imagination. His famous geodesic dome, important though it is, is not as significant as his ability to liberate people from static thoughts.

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ROBERT GOTTLIEB

Because outside of the publishing field, book editors usually go unheralded, and he is one whose imagination, generosity of spirit, and unfailing instinct for quality should be celebrated; because in this age of commercial hot properties, as president and editor-in-chief of Knopf he has never let the demands of business pressure him into abandoning works of literary distinction that may not be profitable; because although he insists that he isn't an intellectual, he feels sympathy for writers, including intellectuals, of a broad range of prose. Most important of all, because his enthusiasm for reading is infectious.

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I. F. STONE

Because for half a century he has held fast to the most irreproachable of journalistic goals, an informed iconoclasm. Because his mind is too strong and too clear to be muddied by prejudice; because he wades into a sea of detail, and somehow returns with a gem of truth. The recent reissue of his *Underground to Palestine*, with its wise and dispassionate Zionism, reaffirms his intellectual courage; and the news that he is studying Greek and delving into the origins of freedom of thought calls to mind his abiding concern for the lessons of history.

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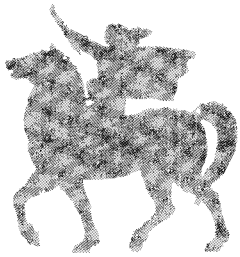

THE HERO IN LITERATURE

by Paul Zweig

WE STILL CALL the principle characters in books "heroes," although this has become a sort of joke, since in our day the heroes rarely have anything risky or noble to accomplish. On the contrary, they are so ordinary, so tentative, that we have coined the expression "anti-hero" to describe them. Our greatest modern stories are written about characters like Stephen Dedalus, in *Ulysses*, or Marcel, in *Remembrance of Things Past*, who want to write books but can't; or the woman in Beckett's *Happy Days*, who is buried to her neck in sand. We are fascinated by Conrad's haunted Lord Jim, who "saw himself saving people from sinking ships, cutting away masts in a hurricane ... always an example of devotion to duty, and as unflinching as a hero in a book." If Jim had actually done any of these things, we might read about him in some bloodcurdling boys' tale by Robert Louis Stevenson. But when the moment comes for Jim to be a hero, he cannot act; he is paralyzed and spends his life brooding on his lost moment.

Take another famous example. Kafka's castle stands on top of a misty hill, but the hero who is trying to reach it—he doesn't even have a name, only a letter, K.— never will, for K. is the victim of forces beyond his control. Unlike the knights of medieval romance who pried their way into castles to stir up trouble and make a name for themselves, the K. of Kafka's story flails about in a maze of rules and restrictions. He gets nowhere, and that is where we join him: in a bemused limbo, a sort of no-exit world which, we are made to understand, is the very one we live in.

Our modern "hero" today becomes interesting when his dreams are punctured, and his stark limitations—known to us as the "human condition"—begin to strangle him a little. The failure of the dream is one of the great subjects of the novel, from Stendhal's youthful Julien Sorel, in *The Red and the Black*, to Flaubert's icy dreamer, Madame Bovary, to the gaspingly claustrophobic, pain-greedy character of Joseph Heller's *Something Happened*, whose life collapses before our eyes over hundreds of pages of perversely eloquent internal posturing.

Certain emotions are apparently no longer available to us in literature, and not very much outside of it either: awe, tremendous admiration, the sort of feeling one gets for a truly great human being who touches our lives. For the most part we wade about in a debris of failed hopes. The literature of our century reflects this, or perhaps it taught it to us. In *The Fall of Public Man*, Richard Sennet argues that we have lost our cultural feeling for public actions, and replaced it with a mystical conviction that actions of the mind, internal movements that surge out of control in the "free" space of the psyche, are the only real actions. This represents the ultimate democracy, for everyone, even the most spineless of us, has a mind. And so we are all real, and don't have to do anything strenuous to prove it. But the hero is a public man, if he is anything. He is made not only of muscle and courage, but of values. He is a moral warrior who defends us against our own helplessness.

The heroic ideal has slowly declined since the Age of Pericles, when the Iliad was the Athenians' Bible. Plato, our first social theorist, banished Homer from his ideal Republic, because heroes like Achilles and Odysseus could never fit into a community of sensible people. As heroes, they lived by their swords, and their wild emotions. They tested the limits of man petulantly because they were themselves only partly human. (The other part was god, devil, or magician.) Yet the Athenians loved the extravagant claims of their heroes because, despite the vaunted rationality of the Greeks, they suspected that life's "secrets" had to be wrested from the concealing gods, like a Golden Fleece, or the Apples of the Hesperides. Only a hero could do it. Heroes were counter-gods; they were the true philosophers, because they found out what things meant, and brought back magnificent stories to spread the word.

And in the end, it is Plato's judgment that has won out. When the Roman poet Virgil wrote his heroic poem, *The Aeneid*, he portrayed Aeneas transforming himself from a passionate warrior into a good gray citizen. Thirteen hundred years later, in *The Divine Comedy*, Dante descending into the Inferno is a remarkably passive sort of hero, more like a voyeur in hell. By the 16th and 17th centuries, heroes had become comic figures, like Don Quixote.

During the Age of Exploration, men like Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Captain Cook undertook journeys that made Odysseus look like a tourist, yet they never became true culture-heroes. Nor did Europe's interminable wars produce any enduring heroic myth. The greatest travel story of modern times, *Robinson Crusoe*, is about a terrified ordinary man who loathes risk and spends his life building insanely complicated walls to shield him from a menace that may not even exist. Crusoe is so unadventurous that in 28 years on his solitary island, he doesn't even explore every part of it.

Instead of the impulsive rushing about of "heroes," we have come to admire the talkative leisurely lives por-

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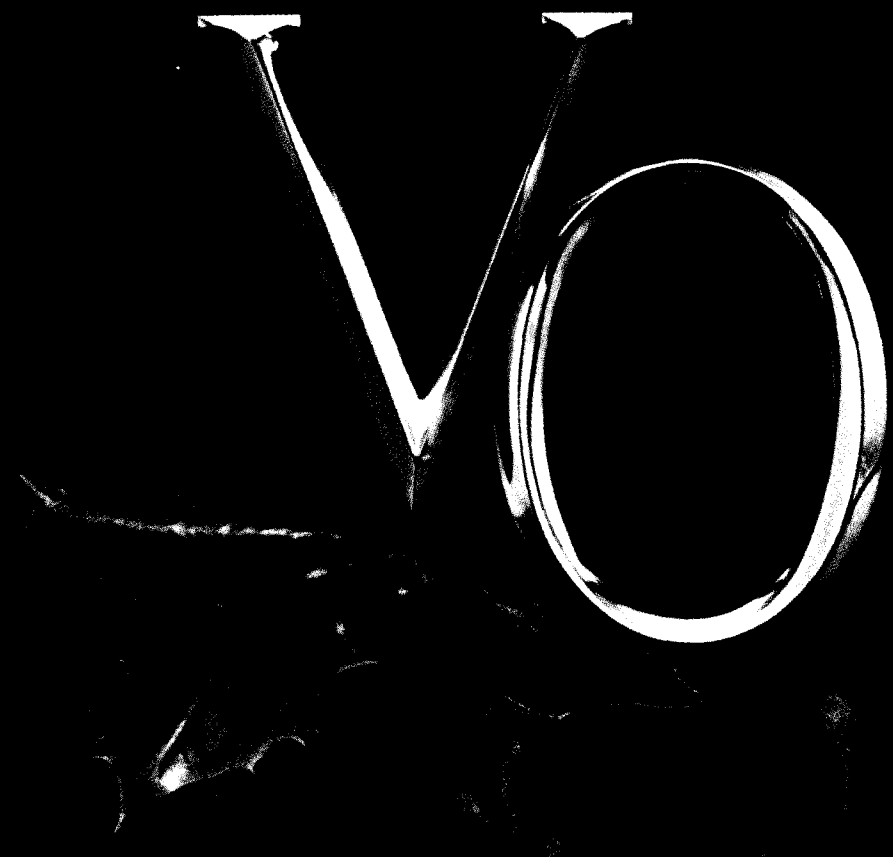
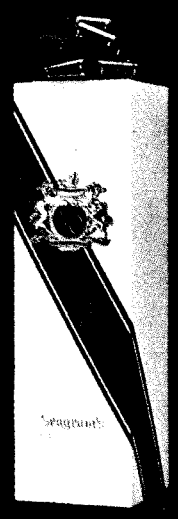
The Standard of Giving.





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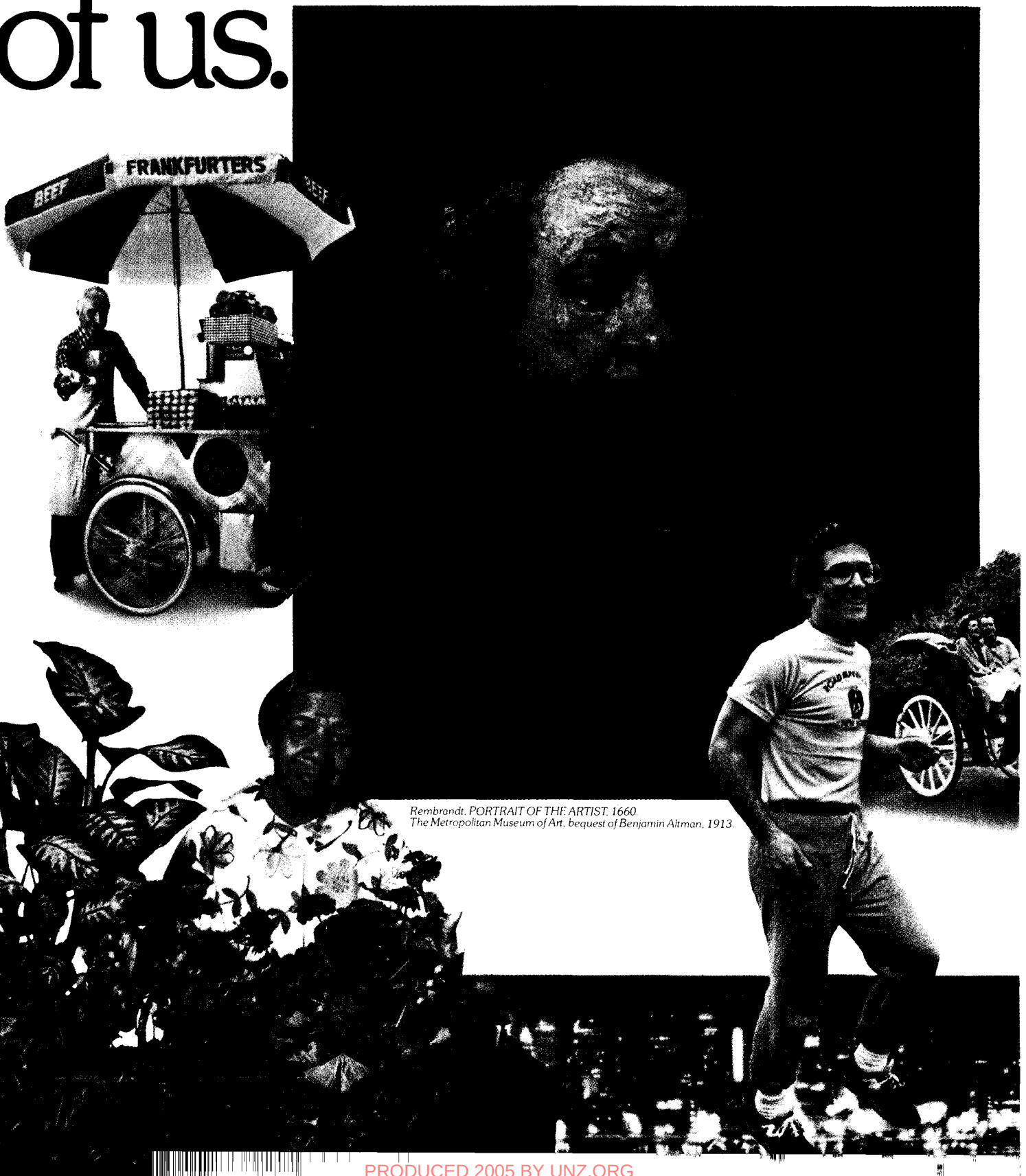
This is one of our hometowns: New York, N.Y.

Rembrandt, Pica of us.



Rembrandt, PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, 1660.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, bequest of Benjamin Altman, 1913.

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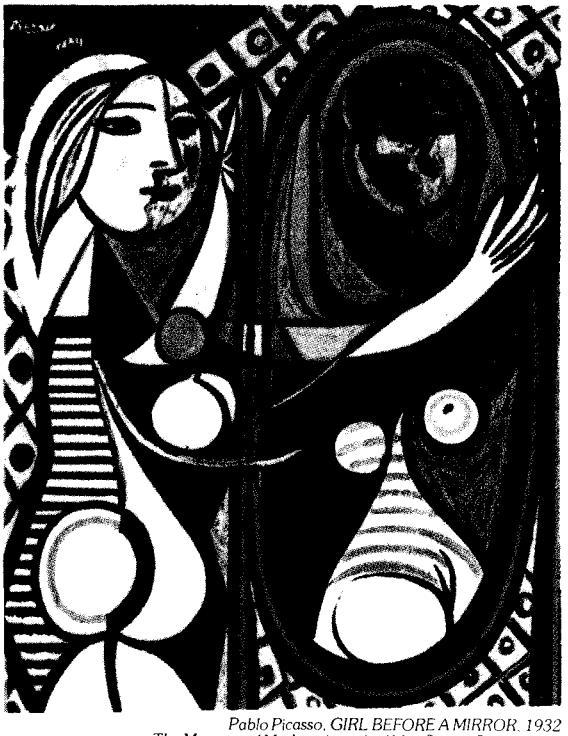
sso and the rest



Pablo Picasso, GIRL BEFORE A MIRROR. 1932
The Museum of Modern Art, gift of Mrs. Simon Guggenheim.

Rembrandt, Degas and the Temple of Dendur are at the Met this week, and will be next week—waiting for you. Picasso and Matisse and Warhol are waiting at the Modern. New York is a storehouse of treasures—held in trust for the rest of the nation.*

It's a city that moves to many rhythms: the early morning jogger along the river, the ancient carriage clop-clopping through the Park, the jets crisscrossing the sky above. You can move as fast or as slow as you want in New York—and always feel the exhilaration of the city moving along with you.

It's a city that calls for special skills: like those of Thomasine Jackson who makes flowers grow in a window box in the Bronx, or our own favorite, George Roumeliotis, who passes out hot dogs faster than the eye can follow on the corner of the block where our present corporate headquarters are located.

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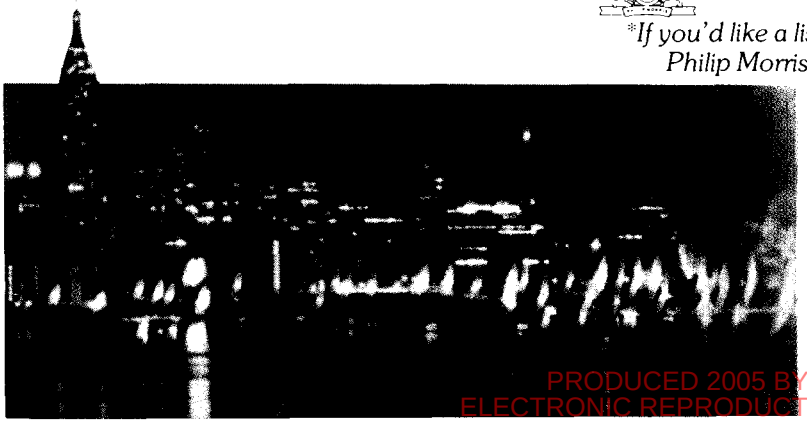

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So many cars look like Rabbits, you can hardly count them.

But you can sure tell they aren't Rabbits if you know what to look for.

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trayed by Jane Austen, or the self-afflicting mania of the characters in Dostoyevski. We want to know the hidden things that seep out when baffled, struggling men and women reveal more of themselves than they know, as in the cruelly decorous world of Henry James or in the recent fiction of, say, John Cheever. We are excited by this close-up view of "secret" lives, provided by the snooping sensibility of the novelist, for he reveals what is going on in people's hearts.

Who was it that said no man is a hero to his valet? Or, for that matter, to his wife, his children, his close friends—to anyone who has learned to know him in his flesh and private feelings. In our great literature, it is the valet's point of view that has won out. The important innovations of modern literature—stream of consciousness, fragmented time sequences, dream-narratives—take us to the antipodes of the life of action, into unfiltered wordy dramas of the mind.

WHICH IS not to say that the the contemporary world does not have its "heroes." For I doubt that human beings can live without some expanded ideal of behavior, some palpable image of the spaciousness of man. We want to know that our personal limitations are only a special case, that somewhere there is someone who can translate his words, thoughts, and beliefs into acts, even if we can't. Heroes in this sense represent a profoundly humanistic ideal. It says a great deal about our cultural moment, therefore, that we should have squeezed our heroes into the cultural badlands of popular literature, genre movies, and television serials. Here is where we find the Lord Jims who leap into action when the emergency arises. They are muscular, lithe; they know right from wrong; they also know who they are, and this gives them a lacquered, mineral aspect.

But what sort of heroes are they? Like the heroes in Homer, they are larger than life; they gleam with physical exuberance; their courage and good intentions emanate from them like a visible aura. But today these very characteristics somehow disqualify them as serious exemplars of what man can do; they seem like caricatures, a sort of comic relief or grotesque mummery between acts of the weightier drama of real life. These popular heroes have no maze of inner qualities that seep into their talk and gestures, through gaps of hesitation, of failure. As a result they strike us as partial figures, a sort of half-men who give us a playful kind of pleasure. This is what we mean when we call such stories escapist. They remove us from ourselves too neatly, too lightheartedly, leaving no residue of reflection by which these enlarged personages can become alternative lives for us.

In her recent book, *The Last Cowboy*, Jane Kramer writes about a Texas cowhand who goes to see John Wayne westerns to find a life he could be happy with. Wayne's world of fists and bullets is his idea of a proper world where a man can make himself felt. Yet according to Kramer, this cowboy who attempts to model his life on a hero in the movies is a desperately sad case, and most of us would agree. For John Wayne's movie world doesn't apply to a modern cowboy any more than it does to us. Kramer's cowboy is taking the mummery between the acts for the play itself, and he is making a touching fool of himself.

The truth is that these larger-than-life heroes of popular entertainment aren't heroes at all in the old sense. They are not invitations to grandeur, as Odysseus was to the lords of Mycenae, but a sort of hide-and-seek we play with our lives. By losing ourselves in their overtidy worlds of right and wrong, courage and death, we leap sideways out of time and responsibility into a sideshow of brazen grotesques: a jerky miniature version of the spacious alternatives offered by Odysseus and his heroic kin.

HAVING SAID this, I would like to take at least some of it back, for it would be wrong to underestimate the complex attraction of popular culture, its function as a seedbed for attitudes that often have a long and rich life in the larger culture. It is by now a commonplace to recognize the roots in popular entertainment of Balzac, Dickens, and even Dostoyevski. The rampant popularity of the most forgettable Gothic tales of the late 18th century later influenced writers like Poe, Melville, Conrad, Sartre, and Beckett.

In our own day, writers like Vonnegut and Pynchon draw on the cardboard heroes of popular adventure literature to create their comedies of modern life. Norman Mailer, too, in all the phases of his career, has taken a kind of heroic template from popular storytelling, and transferred it, with only the barest trace of irony, into the sultry, garrulous, existential atmosphere of his novels. *The Naked and the Dead, The American Dream, Why Are We in Vietnam* strain to create characters who are both men of action and moody failure-bound anti-heroes. The contradiction is, I think, the key to Mailer's distinctiveness as a novelist.

There is in cultural history a "displacement upwards" of popular forms and ideas from folklore, religious superstition, popular theater, and storytelling, to the enduring creations of Homer, Sophocles, Dante, and our best modern writers.

We must acknowledge, therefore, that a phantasmagoria of heroes parades across our lives after all: rock stars magnified by stupendous lightshows and banks of loudspeakers; athletes purified to a lean, entrancing skill made magical by the huge sums of money they earn; transatlantic balloonists; mountain climbers; solitary around-the-world sailors, like Sir Francis Chichester; Philippe Petit, who crossed between the towers of the World Trade Center in New York on a wire last year. And, of course, the Kojaks and Barettas, not to mention the crude anonymous heroes of violent films: the karate masters, the black glistening giants of blacksploitation films. On all sides, these larger- and simpler-than-life figures are at play, and their play hypnotizes us.

Perhaps it is the idea of play that is important here. We tend to admire acts that are magnificently useless, risks taken for their own sake. Because the "serious" world is desperately unheroic; because we are all equal and, therefore, cramped in our mind's perspective; because failure and intimacy take up so much room in our sense of ourselves, we squint sideways into a circus fairway of ballooning figures who are free, lighter than air in their lovely futility. We don't have any *Odyssey* or *Beowulf* or even *Moby Dick*. But we have the trivial playfulness of the heroes of popular entertainment; we have the garish extravagant rock and movie worlds; we have gladiatorial sports in which no one dies; we have playful killer-lovers like James Bond. All of this amounts to more than bad taste, and less than great, or even good, art. The historian Johan Huizinga has argued that man is an essentially playful animal, who plays the game of law, of war, of love, of thought; who sports even when he is mired in seriousness. If that is so, then these play-heroes of popular culture, crude and repetitious as they may be, remind us with an unexpected realism of who we are, and what we do. ◉

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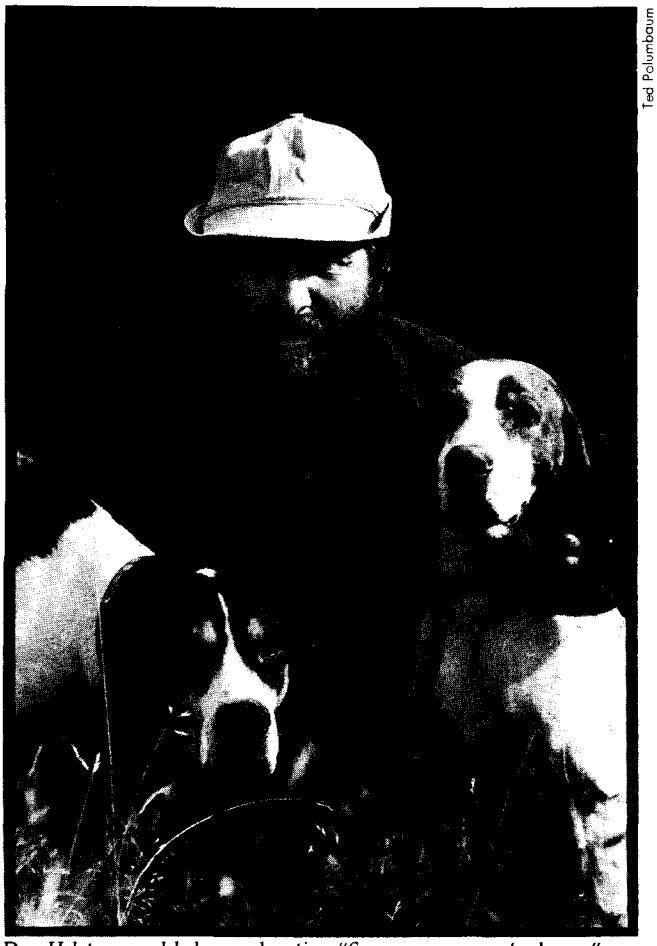
Stalking the Black Bear

We were anxious to procure as much sport as possible, and having observed one of the bears, which from its size we conjectured to be the mother of the two cubs just killed, we ordered the Negroes to cut down the tree on which it was perched, when it was intended the dogs should have a tug with it, while we should support them, and assist in preventing the bear from escaping by wounding it in one of the hindlegs.

—John James Audubon

by Jonathan Evan Maslow



Ted Polumbaum

Don Helstrom and helpers—hunting "Some mean sons o' whores."

IT WAS COMMON in the 19th century to believe that God created man as a kind of junior partner to help rule the lower orders, and that hunting was as much a part of that responsibility as it was a right and a joy. But ever since the rise of antihunting lobbies, the airing of the television documentary *Guns of Autumn*, and the relegation of hunting largely to the less articulate, less activist lower middle and working classes, hunting for sport has suffered a near total collapse of public image. To the average contemporary city dweller or suburbanite, who associates guns with street crime and whose table meat arrives superbly packaged, the word hunting is likely to conjure up a vision of beer-guzzling killers who blast away at Bambi with automatic weapons.

Set against this view of unnecessary and inhumane slaughter of helpless and endangered wildlife is a very recent, pristine, and highly moralistic vision of benign nature: the peaceable kingdom, minus, perhaps, gnats, rodents, and poisonous snakes. Having laid waste the wilderness, skunked the waterways with toxics, and decimated animal and Indian alike in the name of economic development, we now indulge ourselves in an orgy of sentimentalism for whatever comes labeled "natural." The result is a movement aimed not at the restoration of the actual, amoral state of nature but of a childlike innocence, something like the American Dream before it got complicated and nerve-wracking.

In almost every state, the hunting issue rages. Political pressure is brought to bear against sport hunting, a spillover of the legitimate and worthy condemnation of whale and baby seal hunting. By the same token, the lunatic fringe of hunters longs for an equally simplistic world, where, as the bumper stickers say, "Guns made our country great."

It can be demonstrated that the greatest damage done to North American wildlife came from the relentless elimination of the wilderness habitat—the clearing of the midwestern plains for grain farming; the fencing of the Southwest for range; 19th-century commercial hunting; and, in our own time, the creep of suburbs into rural regions. It can also be convincingly argued that sport hunting does not at present jeopardize a single species; in fact, that regulated hunting, in conjunction with scientific wildlife management, has actually promoted the ideals of conservation, and has restored a semblance of ecological balance to the surviving fauna. The salvation of waterfowl through the 1929 Federal Migratory Bird Conservation Act, and the increase in healthy whitetail-deer herds and black-bear populations, are two examples of sport hunters and wildlife bureaucrats' combining for the mutual benefit of sportsmen and wildlife.

Yet any discussion of hunting moves rapidly off the trail of reason into the dense undergrowth of the emotions; and prominent among the passions of antihunters is a dark dread of the game animal's imagined pain, suffering, and death. Ortega y Gasset believed that in hunting men rehearse their own death, and if so, the modern aversion to hunting evinces our intolerance for the one experience that continues to elude all understanding, our own elimination.

As it happens, I spent the autumn in Maine, where death is an everyday occurrence. From plopping live lobsters into steaming water, to the house cat's morning entrance with the still-warm hermit thrush dangling from its mouth, to the occasional bull moose ramming the pickup truck, and the

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fishermen drowned in a sudden squall, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that death forms a common link among animals, including man.

My Maine neighbors were hunters, of a sort perhaps vanishing from the American scene. Almost all had hunted with their fathers, and in many cases their grandfathers, from the time they were old enough to develop a sense of direction, to stalk, to handle firearms. I liked their comfort in nature, their rural confidence, and I admired their store of natural history. I soon learned to recognize the best hunter as the one who identified and loved the wildflowers. They were tight-lipped Down Easters. But I couldn't help sensing the irony in hunters cherishing the game they tracked with an unsentimental tenderness unknown to the average vegetarian. So when one of my neighbors suggested I venture "up my old man's territ'ry" to observe a Maine bear hunt, I set out for the big country near the Canadian border.

Don Helstrom has been guiding "sports"—clients—for half of his 35 years, and he is proof that if you spend seven days a week tracking black bears, thinking like them, getting up and going to sleep with them, you eventually come to resemble your quarry. Helstrom is an ursine man with a cozy girth and tiny blue eyes that peer out between a red hunting cap and a tremendous wiry brunette beard. He is also, by reputation, the best bear guide in the north country. During the May to Thanksgiving season, he works over one-fifth of Maine's 23,000 square miles of bear range. From August on, he uses a pack of hounds said to be the finest bunch of bear dogs in the state, worth $3,000 to $5,000 each if he ever took a mind to sell them and go back to work for the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. That is evidently a remote possibility. Helstrom relishes his work, which is not grandly profitable, to such an extent that he lives with his wife Gail in a log cabin without central heat or plumbing, leaving the woods once a year. He is said to have led sports to more than 1,000 American black bears but has never advertised his success in sporting journals because, as he says, "You don't know what kind of sport you're going to get through advertising. By word of mouth, you get the better sportsmen. Most of my first-time sports have never seen an animal anywhere near as big as a bear, though they may have hunted for 30 years. To them, the kill itself is really secondary. I've had guys and women, too, will see three or four bear treed and let 'em go because it's not the one they really want."

But at the start of this particular hunt, at four o'clock Monday morning when his short, piercing whistle roused the sports, Don Helstrom was more worried about locating one bear than about choosing between several. Individual bears range over areas as great as 100 square miles to fatten before "denning up" for winter hibernation, gorging themselves by night, then bedding down for a daytime nap. The bear population of Maine is 7,000 to 10,000 animals, and the annual "harvest," or kill, averages 930. State wildlife biologists estimate that the number killed falls short by 120 of the "allowable harvest," i.e., "the harvest level that takes only the annual increase and does not affect the population size."

In effect, then, the bear population is undergoing a carefully controlled growth. But that doesn't make bears easier to find. They are timid and wary and rarely so obliging as to come looking for trouble in open country. Last year, with food scarce, the bears were forced to come down into the apple orchards, crossing roads and leaving behind clear scent for the dogs to pick up. But this autumn the crops hung so heavy that the bears chose only the most remote, abandoned orchards, and have been staying even farther back in the wilderness, feeding off protein-rich beechnuts and acorns. Helstrom had brought down 43 bears this season, but just last week he had chased one bear eight hours into the woods, only to lose him after nightfall. It is not easy to hunt bear, and Helstrom's sports, who pay $250 per week, expect what is delicately termed "fulfillment."

It had been raining through the night, a droning downpour to wash away the scent. Scratching his belly and rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Helstrom stood in the camp driveway in patched blue jeans and a light flannel shirt, studying the first gunmetal-gray signs of light and remarking dryly, "Guess it's going to piss on us." His assistant, George Perry, restrained the dogs. Some of them were champing to reach their wooden kennels mounted on pickup trucks, while others, tied back in the darkness around the camp, howled and begged to be taken along.

There is no such thing as a hound bred specifically for bearhunting. Helstrom starts with Walker hounds, descended from an English breed originally used for foxhunting, or bluetick, a native American "coonhound," and trains them as pups, a time-consuming and difficult process. The dogs must learn to differentiate between bear and other game so well that they will pass in sight of deer and never stray an inch from the track. They must also learn to chase the bear with due respect. "Some of these rangy boar bear are mean sons o' whores," says Helstrom. "I've seen a bear turn and grab a dog with its paws, draw it in to its chest, bite right through its neck, and kill it in two seconds flat."

The hunter's breakfast is by tradition a ritual feast, but Don Helstrom, eager to get down to business, serves his sports only coffee and doughnuts before setting out. By five o'clock, when the three-truck caravan headed up the state highway for Aroostook County 25 miles away, clouds the color of India ink billowed across the sky and wrestled with a clearing dawn. In the dark cab of the lead truck, I began to question Helstrom on the antihunting sentiment so prevalent now. He declared that some of the antihunters, like Robert Redford and Olivia Newton-John, are just in it for the publicity, to get their names in the papers.

'To me,' the bear guide said, 'game is a renewable natural resource, the same as a tree or farm animal.'

But there are some, too, he suggested, who adopt antihunting as part of a general and dogmatic antidevelopment philosophy. He faults the latter group on two counts. First, gung-ho environmentalists can be just as dangerous to wildlife as over-zealous hunters: "There was a group that went to court to get an order to close the open trash dumps in Yellowstone Park because they said they were an eyesore." But the grizzly bear in Yellowstone fed off those dumps and by closing them, they cut off the food supply. I guess I read that the park rangers had to shoot the grizzly population down from 70 to around 13 because of the closing of those dumps. Now, they may have been an eyesore, but, by God, that's a vast country out there, and with only 70 grizzly bears left...."

Second, Helstrom thinks people from more developed areas discriminate against rural regions, if only through ignorance. "If you live in an area that's industrialized and built up and the game's all gone, I guess you figure it's going to be like that everywhere soon, so you try to preserve the wilderness. In Maine, anyway, politics is controlled by the more populated, developed areas downstate around Portland, and by out-of-staters who own vacation property. They enjoy their high standard of living, but don't want any hunting up here, where we've got to earn a living, too."

But what of the antihunters' central objection, that hunt-

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ing is nothing more than the senseless killing of innocent animals? Helstrom laughed nervously. "I can't talk for anyone but myself," he said. "But to me, game is a renewable natural resource, the same as a tree or a farm animal. The state of Maine has harvestable game. States that don't harvest wildlife and that overprotect herds have had widespread starvation. Game that isn't managed through hunting or trapping is going to get overpopulated."

Like most sportsmen whose opinions are not as attractive to the media as the occasional hunting accident or a sensational story of an oaf's cruelty to animals, Helstrom wants to leave hunting under the control of individual states' wildlife biologists with more activist sportsmen's groups and conservation lobbies like the Audubon Society as watchdogs. "Look, I want to do this all my life, so I've got to look down the road," Helstrom said. "I'd rather take fewer bear and know they're going to be around 20 years from now than shoot bear every week for five years and then that's it."

As black crows and whiskey jacks buzzed our truck, Helstrom concluded that if environmentalists are serious about helping wildlife, they should realize that hunters, too, have a strong interest in thriving game populations, and stop looking down on all hunters as ignorant murderers.

'Most of my first-time sports have never seen an animal anywhere near as big as a bear, though they may have hunted for more than 30 years.'

We checked out an abandoned orchard. Helstrom entered the wet thickets alone with his "strike" dog Tom, a bony seven-year-old with a big blue spot on his side. The three sports, Myron, Matt, and his 19-year-old son, Little Matt, all from Massachusetts, got out of their camper and flipped a coin, odd man out, to decide who would shoot if, there was anything to shoot at. Myron won, and Helstrom's man George directed the other two to leave their rifles and sidearms in the truck for the rest of the day. They complied without question, a sign that they were there to learn and to help, not to play with guns.

After 20 minutes, Helstrom emerged from the orchard, so wet that he looked as though he'd just plunged into a cold stream. Twenty minutes later, old Tom sauntered casually back. The wet earth would hold any scent laid down after the rainfall ended, but weaken a trail made during the wet night.

A guide depends not only on his dog's nose but also on his own eyes. We rolled down a logging road at five miles an hour, Helstrom stopping to study footprints and the countless other animal signs left in the dirt like signatures. "Coon shit," he would say, "been eating apples." A guide also depends on his talent for community relations, and we stopped in the road several times to talk bear with loggers, bird hunters, and a retired millhand named Old Joe, who seemed able to remember every bear, deer, coon, or cat sign that had shown up in the county since Hoover was President.

At length we reached another old orchard, this one filled in with birch and maple trees blinding in their autumn brilliance. Helstrom and Tom plunged into the undergrowth as we waited by the parked trucks. Every so often, a low baying carried back on the north wind, then vanished, and when they hadn't returned in nearly half an hour, George took the other dogs, Reba, Billy, and Bud, out of their kennels and tethered them to the fenders. They stood listening in excruciating silence, noses cocked high, not a muscle quivering for minutes on end.

Then Helstrom reappeared two hundred yards down the road, chomping an apple and calling to us to find out if Tom had returned. The dog had picked up "hotspots" of scent in the far reaches of the orchard; but it was an early evening scent petering out in wet ground, and the determined hound had evidently wandered farther back onto the beech ridge. Helstrom had George and Little Matt take the other three dogs and follow into the orchard, with George carrying a walkie-talkie to stay in touch. Again the rest of us stood by the trucks, although this time it was men with their ears cocked and their noses sniffing.

A flourish of Puerto Rican Spanish over the CB channel gave the long minutes a surreal charm, until Helstrom came back holding Tom by the collar. "Tom opened under a beech," he said, meaning that the dog had picked up the first firm scent. "Then the other three picked up the 'set' [the actual trail] ahead of him. Old Tom," he said, affectionately cuffing the hound's head, "he's getting on in years, and if I can save him the run, I'll just let the other three chase."

Helstrom sent Matt and Myron and another walkie-talkie down the road to the south end of the orchard, in case the bear doubled back through the woods and bolted across the road. He was not sure at this point whether the dogs were still following scent or had begun an actual chase. On hot days, a bear will head for water, where the sleeping is pleasant and it's easier to elude danger. But in cool gray weather like this, the bear might bed down high up on the beech ridge, hoping to stay close to the groceries and to get a suntan. Where it would go once it realized the dogs were on its track was anyone's guess. If the bear were on its home territory, it might move deeper and higher into the dense forest. If it had just wandered into the region, it might dash for "home," 10, 20, or 50 miles away.

If it had been hunted before, it would never go up a tree; as Helstrom put it, "they learn right quick," which is why there are still elderly 500-pound black bears roaming the Maine woods. Or, as has been known to happen, the bear might head for the highway, tear right through the East Millinocket post office and out the back door. The only certainty is that no two bears act alike; if they did, there would be little point in hunting them.

"What about-ye, George? What about-ye, George?" Helstrom inquired into the truck CB. But the ground dropped off quickly into a deep hollow beyond the orchard, blocking George's reply, and the only answer to come back was a garble of Spanish. "Damn," said Helstrom, "the minute bear season's over, that thing gets ripped out of the truck. From here on, it'll all be by hearing." From what seemed like miles away came a short, infrequent croon, the sound of the hounds on the move, audible only when the wind rattled through the orchard, knocking whole trees naked with a single puff. Helstrom would know the bear was up a tree—where he wanted it—if the hounds changed to a more solid, louder bark.

In the meantime, he called Matt and Myron on the CB, and we soon joined them at the end of a logging byroad. "What about-ye, George? What about-ye, George?" Helstrom demanded. It was past ten o'clock now, the sky opening patchy blue, a pack of three hounds out there, somewhere in the state of Maine, George and Little Matt very likely racing through the forest behind them, and Myron, the gunner, pacing, testing the wind and nervously smoking a Marlboro.

"What about-ye, George? What about-ye, George?" No answer.

Helstrom pinned a mini-compass to his flannel shirt, and took his .38 revolver from under the truck seat. It surprised me because prior to this moment, one could easily have

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Jen and Des Bartlett

forgotten that guns and autumn had anything to do with one another. But the hunt was now entering a new, more serious phase. Myron was told to sling his .308 Winchester over his shoulder, and after we single-filed downhill through dense brambles and into the woods, Helstrom turned back to his sports to set the ground rules: "Now, when we get in there, there'll be absolutely no talking. We'll take the dogs off and tether them on leads, and everyone will move off to one side. Then, when I say it's okay, Myron, you shoot. Everything in the air is yours. But if the bear comes down, I do the shooting, got that?"

The sports nodded their assent and we took off, bushwhacking at a quick walk. Down in the hollow, we heard the distinguishing bark of the hounds under a treed bear, but it came from a tremendous distance and seemingly from three different directions. For a mile or more, we headed northeast through low alders and over streams. The area had been logged years ago, and the ground got stumpy and tough along the beech ridge. Then the hounds' cry changed direction, and so did we, traveling due east through a cedar bog, the forest floor covered in deep, mushy moss, over which lay an even thicker quilt of dazzling orange cedar needles. Nothing was said other than the occasional "What about-ye, George?" and the even less frequent, "Over there, no, over there!" changing with the old north wind.

What were the sports thinking? I hadn't a clue. It was a long hike, four miles at least, time enough to think a lifetime of thoughts, with plenty of time left over to think nothing, while trying not to stumble flat on your face. It was an eternity of climbing over spruce logs, holding back branches so they wouldn't tear your face, slipping on rocks, sinking into mud, pitching uphill and stumbling down again, and listening, always listening, though the loudest sound was the beating of your own heart.

Only when Helstrom pointed one hundred yards away and 60 feet up, into the crotch of a giant Eastern pine, did I realize that the most important thing was for it to be over quickly. The lesson of the hunt was not in the killing of the bear, but in that long, silent stalk through the forest; in not knowing where it would end, or what would be on the other side. It was not death that was evil, for death was as inevitable for the bear as it was for the rest of us, but rather the waiting, the marching, the wondering, the fear of death; they were the enemies to overcome.

George and Little Matt, winded from their jaunt, joined us. They had stayed far back, behind the hounds, which will leave the tree for a pat on the head if they see a man, leaving the bear free to charge down and cause havoc. Helstrom and George approached the pine tree, gathered in the hounds and tethered them off. The bear was standing sullenly on a thick bough with its arms extended. From close range, it looked more like a furry pig than a black bear. A wild animal knows fear, but as far as we know, not the fear of dying. Helstrom later told me he has seen treed black bears go to sleep while waiting for the sports to arrive. The guide then looked at Myron, and Myron looked at the guide. It was 11:30 AM. Our sweat was caking quickly in the cool air. The hunter took his stand on a slight rise about 60 feet from the pine tree, removed the safety, and aimed up, sighting through the power scope. He fired the rifle, and the scope kicked back, opening a one-inch gash over the hunter's left eyebrow. The bullet entered the left side of the bear's chest, penetrated the heart, and emerged from the right side, a clean hit that killed instantly. The bear toppled backward, and came crashing down, taking the branches as it fell. It belly-landed, bounced, and came to rest on the low bunchberry bushes, still quivering. Helstrom handed Myron his revolver and directed him, as a safety precaution, to shoot once behind the left ear at point-blank range. Then the dogs were freed to tug at the hide a few minutes, to get that out of their system. It was a 150-pound she-bear, with a handsome, thick pelt. It had no sooner hit the earth than we could hear the ravens cawing on their way from the next ridge toward the carrion.

Running his fingers through the fur, Don Helstrom nodded with approval. He said only, "It was a good hunt." Then everyone present shook Myron's hand, though I suppose it was shaking pretty well all by itself. ◉

Jonathan Evan Maslow writes the Sporting Life column for Saturday Review.

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LOOKOUTS

Sunning Themselves

Solar homes are no longer the ugly ducklings of architecture. In *Solar Houses* (Pantheon), Louis Gropp examines 48 elegant, but functional, homes across the country. Stunning photographs of these first-generation energy-savers are accompanied by how-they-work explanations and floor plans. In fact, Gropp seems to have thought of everything—even a section on mail-order homes. Just think of the postage.

View From the Sink

In time-honored tradition, servants know more than anyone else about their "superiors," as we'll see in *Backstairs at the White House*, an NBC mini-series to be aired January 15-18.

The Ed Friendly production is based on *My Thirty Years Backstairs at the White House* (1961), an autobiographical account of Lillian Parks's experiences with presidents Taft through Eisenhower—first as the daughter of a maid, then as a maid herself. Julie Harris, Robert Vaughn, Leslie Uggams, and Olivia Cole, among others, will be the temporary inhabitants of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Though the life of a White House maid is probably more demanding than that or any other domestic, Parks was able to find time to watch the goings-on—from, after all, the best vantage point. In her "view from the sink" we'll see the pompous Taft, ladies' man Harding, the heroic Roosevelt. What does the spry, 81-year-old Lillian think of all this? "The White House they've built looks better than the real one," and she hopes the cast will work as hard as she had to. Indeed.

Space Schemes

Theodore Taylor, American nuclear scientist, is a dreamer. But he dreams with one eye to reality. "Imagine a machine that could scoop up rocks—from the moon or asteroids—and process them into anything: washing machines or teacups, automobiles or starships," called a Santa Claus Machine.

This machine is one of 11 "Big Ideas" in science-writer Nigel Calder's *Spaceships of the Mind* (Viking). Calder has collected scientists' ideas for possible inventions, including a mammoth starship that hops from planet to planet at 90 million MPH and no-frills space settlements for the economy-minded.

For an account of a project that may have started as a "big idea," readers can turn to *Murmurs of Earth: The Voyager Interstellar Record* (Random House), by Carl Sagan *et al*. The Pulitzer Prize-winning author tells how and why he and his associates cut the records that were sent into space on the Voyager spacecrafts last year.

Each gold-plated copper record contains 118 photographs of earth, its people, and their civilizations; almost 90 minutes of music; an evolutionary audio essay on "The Sounds of Earth"; greetings in 54 human languages, and one in whale (just in case).

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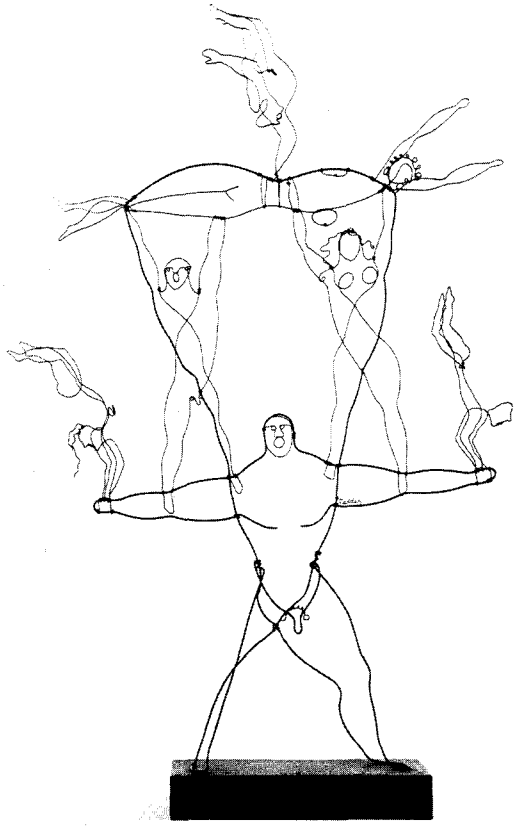
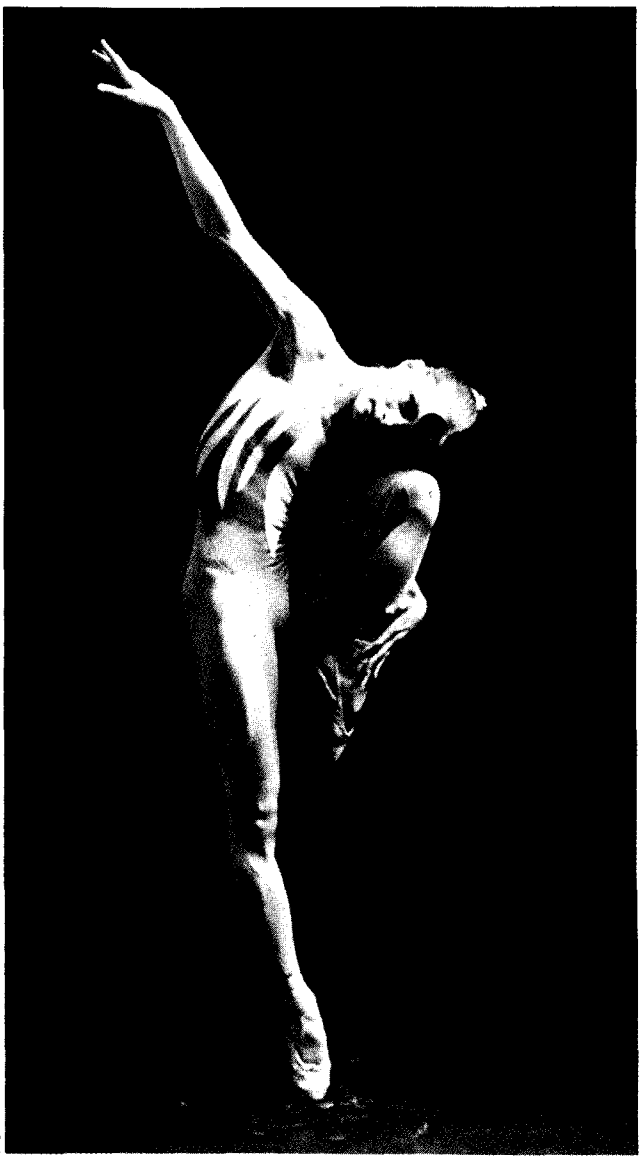
Clipped Wings

"A world of fragments, splinters of light and sound, a timeless world without dimension... from which Emily Stilson, an elderly victim of stroke and brain damage, may never escape." In his most recent play, *Wings*, Arthur Kopit explores the disoriented realm of the aphasic, a realm he became interested in when his father had a stroke two years ago. *Wings* gives us what the author calls "the emotional truth, informed by fact" about what goes on inside the mind of an aphasic. Most fascinating—and frightening—are the twisted, strangulated patterns of speech Kopit has drawn from actual patients at a rehabilitation center. *Wings* has been published by Hill and Wang/Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and the play, starring Constance Cummings, will open at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., on December 26. From there, if all goes well, it will move to Broadway.



Sharing its Wealth

Who said you shouldn't blow your own horn? Whoever did obviously hasn't been to the Whitney recently. After a half-century of squirreling away over 5,500 works by this century's American masters, the Whitney Museum in New York has decided to share the choicest morsels from its collection. Modestly entitled *Introduction to 20th-Century American Art*, the show, on view through September 1979, brings together some of the works we're most familiar with—Alexander Calder's "Brass Family," Edward Hopper's "Early Sunday Morning," Georgia O'Keeffe's "White Calico Flower," and Andy Warhol's "Green Coca-Cola Bottles." This will be the most inclusive display in New York of works from the century in which American modern art was born, came of age, earned its place as a force to be reckoned with.



The Dorkroom

An Indian Firebird

Audiences attending performances by the Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre in the aristocratic and beautiful red-white-gold Heinz Hall gave a rousing reception to an old Igor Stravinsky ballet in an utterly new concept, this past October. *Firebird* was choreographed by the troupe's newest artistic director, Patrick Frantz. French-born and trained at the prestigious Paris Opera Ballet, Frantz has danced with the Pennsylvania Ballet and directed at Arizona's Tucson Civic Ballet.

In less than a year, Frantz has worked miracles. In his *Firebird*, the Frenchman has combined a Russian score with an American Indian theme. His technique of classical ballet, fused with the expressivity of modern dance and the almost cabalistic intensity of primitive ritual, works like magic. Though the corps is smaller than that used by the big international troupes, Pittsburgh's *Giselle* was danced with admirable exactitude and vitality.

Further Heinz Hall performances, with changes in repertory, are scheduled for December 23 and 26-31 with *Nutcracker* (what else at Christmas-time!); January 26-28; March 23-25; April 6-8. A February-March tour will take the PBT as far afield as Kentucky, Illinois, Mississippi, and Florida.

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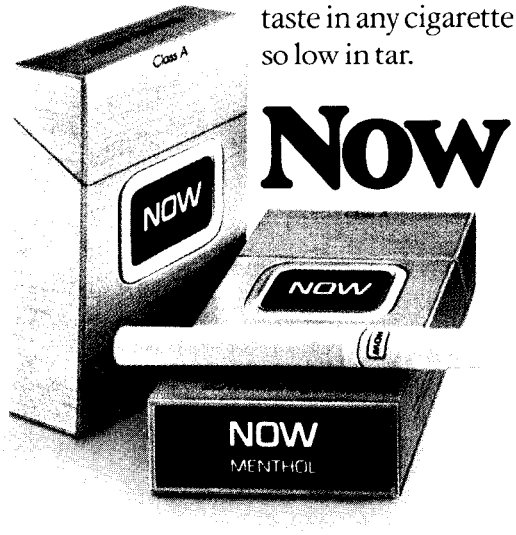

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Nothing Like a Dane

by Walter Terry

THE ROYAL DANISH Ballet is preparing a celebration that is certain to focus the attention of the dance world on the little kingdom of Denmark. The year 1979 marks the 100th anniversary of the death of August Bournonville, Denmark's greatest choreographer and one of the titans in the 400-year history of ballet. And the Danes are not going to let this anniversary slip by unnoticed. In November of 1979 they will present in the Royal Theater what may be described—somewhat irreverently—as "The Bournonville Ballet Bash" of the century. Already special tours are being announced and bookings for the week-long festivities have started to flood Copenhagen hotels.

Of the many pieces created by Bournonville during his 49-year reign at the Royal Theater, less than a dozen of his full-length ballets and only a handful of his shorter works survive. The passage of time, the passing of those old dancers who remembered, unsophisticated recording methods, and changing tastes did their job. Today, thanks to movies, videotape, and improved systems of dance notation, the remaining masterpieces have been saved.

This past fall I saw the first of the upcoming Bournonville festival productions on stage at the Royal Theater. Among these dances is *Konservatoriet* ("The Conservatory"), a choreographic recollection of classes conducted in 1820s Paris that is our only surviving example of French classical ballet technique of that period. We'll also be treated to the *pas de deux* from *Flower Festival in Genzano*—which, since it was "discovered" two decades ago, has achieved worldwide popularity—and the three-act *Napoli*, considered by many to be Bournonville's masterwork; and *The King's Volunteer Guards at Amager*, a ballet that makes full use of the skills of the company's superb mimes.

John R. Johnsen

Master mimes Bjornsson and Kronstam as conniving street peddlers in Napoli.

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John R. Johnsen

Flemming Ryberg with children in Konservatoriet, *a work with the "pure style and elegance of pre-Degas ballet."*

The Royal dancers number about 90, including the master mimes and the captivating child dancers. They and the rest of the company are enthusiastically preparing for the historic festival. At the head of the troupe are artistic director Henning Kronstam and associate artistic director Kirsten Ralov. At 44, Kronstam has made the transition not only from the company's *premier danseur*—who will ever forget his dashing Romeo in the ballet Sir Frederick Ashton created especially for the Danes?—to director, but also to one of the most brilliant mimes in all ballet. Miss Ralov, one-time Bournonville-style ballerina (among the very best), has, at 56, become the chief Bournonville representative at international ballet seminars and is the editor of the just-published definitive work: *The Bournonville School: Daily Classes, Music, Benesh Notation, Labanotation* (Marcel Dekker).

As a prelude to the festival, a group of young soloists from the company will appear on Broadway in June. Calling themselves the Bournonville Dancers, they will highlight some of the master's work. If present plans prevail, the Broadway troupe, co-directed by Frank Anderson and Dinna Bjorn, will have as guest artists three dancers who have won international fame for themselves and for Danish ballet: Erik Bruhn, who at 50 remains one of the major dancers of this century; Peter Martins, principal of the New York City Ballet; and Peter Schaufuss, *premier danseur* of both Canada's National Ballet and the London Festival Ballet. And, while Kronstam's and Ralov's first concern is the Bournonville Festival in November, they are considering the possibility of exporting the entire festival to the United States in 1980.

America's interest in Bournonville dates back to the Royal Danish Ballet's first visit to the U.S. in 1956. Until that time, American balletgoers thought that ballet must be Russian-rooted, as could be seen in the choreographic flowerings of Petipa, Ivanov, Fokine, Nijinsky, Massine, Balanchine. But the Russian-slanted view slowly changed. Today one finds Bournonville ballets or extracts in the repertories of the American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet, to name only two major companies; audiences savor Rudolf Nureyev's impeccable performances of Bournonville works; and American dance students can be found studying Bournonville wherever it's available—from the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's school in the hills of New England to the University of Montana at Butte.

The festival previews I enjoyed in Copenhagen would whet any balletomane's (and critic's) appetite for the full Bournonville fare. *Napoli* featured the brilliant Niels Kehlet, who is at the peak of his powers, in the role of Gennaro, and Peter Schaufuss, who has returned home to dance the lead on the stage where he started as one of the ballet children in *Napoli*, and where his parents (Mona Vangsaae and Frank Schaufuss) had performed before him. Fredbjorn Bjornsson, a memorable Gennaro of two decades ago, and Kronstam were hilariously funny as conniving street peddlers.

Konservatoriet embodied the pure style and elegance of pre-Degas ballet. Interestingly, among the child dancers in this work was little Nilas Martins, who danced flawlessly, with an aplomb that one day might make him a rival to his famous father, Peter Martins. The *Flower Festival* duet was danced as only the Danes can dance it—with exuberance and arms that turn *port-de-bras* into an embrace.

There was much more to savor during my visit to Copenhagen. It made one both impatient and eager for the young Bournonville Dancers' visit to America next summer, the Bournonville Ballet Festival in November, and, hopefully, a welcome invasion of America in 1980 by the entire Royal Danish Ballet—with the elusive heroine of *La Sylphide* floating through the treetops and Gennaro searching for his abducted Teresina in the mysterious passages to the blue grotto of Capri—as August Bournonville, a century dead, lives again in his Danes. ◉

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THEATER

Antidramas

by Martin Gottfried

IT'S PLAYS LIKE *First Monday in October* that have led to productions like *The Crucifer of Blood*. (What is this man talking about?) The drama of all talk, some thought, and no action is still respectable in some quarters, but audiences are (rightfully) demanding more excitement. To satisfy them, some productions are now emphasizing action at the expense of verbal content. As Freud said, "Es ist der syndrome see-saw." (It is the see-saw syndrome.)

First Monday in October, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, is a commercial drama starring Henry Fonda and Jane Alexander. It is a "what if" play about the first female Supreme Court justice. It also defends the American system of justice as a pretty darned marvelous thing. As you can see, the authors have dared to stare a nonexistent opposition in the eye.

This new play hypothesizes about what the other justices' responses to a female colleague might be: snorts and hoots, mostly. Anxious for more action than that, the playwrights have made their lady judge an "Orange County (California) conservative." Usually, that's a Birch Society charter member so deep in right field that she's bouncing off the rubber padding while denouncing Richard Nixon as a leftwinger.

Yet Lawrence and Lee don't want their lady judge to be a crazy. So she is merely contemptuous of pornography and stands up for economic laissez-faire. "Three cheers for free enterprise," she says, conversationally.

As you suspected, however, there is a reason for this manipulation. The conservative lady judge and a liberal man judge are destined to find a lovers' lane on their common ground of jurisprudential integrity. That is why he is Henry Fonda and she (Jane Alexander) is the Katherine Hepburn type rather than the little old lady in tennis shoes we might have expected from Orange County.

First Monday in October, then, is a laboriously constructed, traditionalist production of a sort the theater hardly needs when television already provides us with the *Hallmark Hall of Fame*.

Such drama has come to bore audiences. In reaction, another kind of drama has come along to attract them: the show-business drama, in which words and thoughts take a back seat to pizzazz. *Equus*, for example, was only a courtroom play on a psychiatrist's couch. In all essentials, it wasn't much different from *First Monday in October*. But it was decorated into fabulous theater. Glittering horse masks on snorting actors—stage effects—rather than the Peter Shaffer script made *Equus* a success.

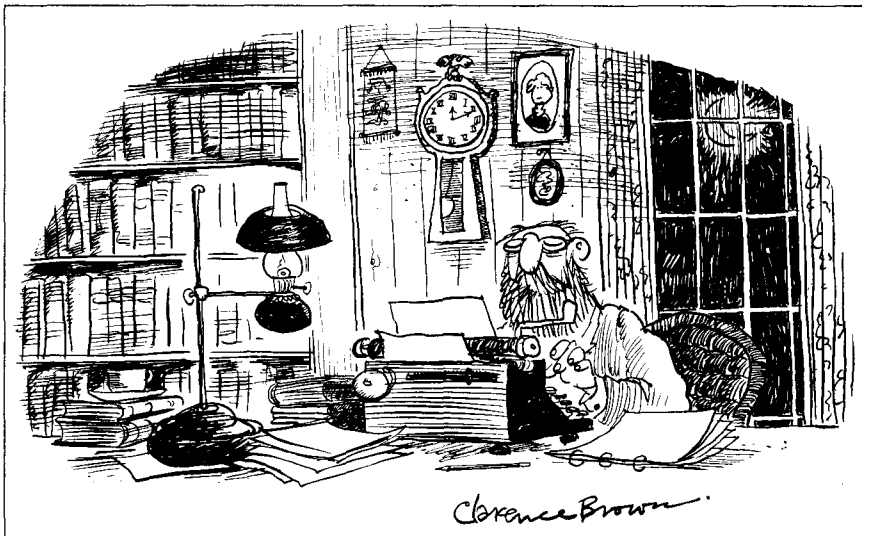
By the same token, *Dracula* is currently enjoying Broadway popularity because of its flamboyance: the elaborate settings by Edward Gorey, the soaring music, the theatrical overstatement. Indeed, *Dracula*'s success is at the *expense* of the script, which is played for laughs.

The Crucifer of Blood, as its title suggests, is hoping to ride on *Dracula*'s capetails. Despite the misleading title, this play by Paul Giovanni is not macabre, but a Sherlock Holmes mystery written in the manner of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Giovanni has culled from the Doyle canon most of the characteristics of the Holmes stories and their mannerisms of plotting and style. His story is baroque in its detail, the dialogue Victorian.

A crucifer of blood is a blood oath made in the sign of the cross, and the play is about a rajah's treasure of jewels and the curse that falls on the three British soldiers who steal it. *The Crucifer of Blood* is really only an entertainment reliant on production effects rather than dramatic skill: a musical without songs and dances. For like *Dracula*, *The Crucifer of Blood* mocks the archaic style of its genre while exploiting scenic, lighting, and musical effects. This production boasts countless settings, an electrical storm, even two big ships sailing out on stage.

Something is to be said for extravagant theater. Ever since Henrik Ibsen reformed the artifice of costume drama and introduced naturalism, our plays have relied too heavily on words at the expense of theatricality. We are now tired of such radio theater. Like any medium, theater must be used in a way unique to it, and words are but one of the stage's devices. But the reaction to talky plays has been overly extreme. *Equus*, *Dracula*, and now *The Crucifer of Blood* are antidramas, theatrical at the *expense* of words. Production effects can overwhelm language because they have visceral appeal, but the power of drama is in its reach for the heart and mind, and there will never be a great play that does not rely on the thoughts and words and intellectual concepts of a writer. In relegating words to secondary status, the theater puts the director ahead of the playwright. It is cutting its own throat, presenting meaningless "shows" as "drama."

So, if plays like *First Monday in October* led to productions like *The Crucifer of Blood*, both emphasize one aspect of theater at the expense of the other. Dramatic theater is made of words *and* action. The stage without either is unhealthy. ◉



"Dear Diary, not a bad day on the whole. Invented the typewriter..."

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TELEVISION

The Rip-Off Season

by Karl E. Meyer

THERE HE WAS, so help me, on my living room screen: William Holden, his face lined, his voice hoarse with anger, denouncing television and all its delinquencies in *Network*. All human feeling, Holden shouted at Faye Dunaway, was being reduced by the industry to the common rubble of banality. Within moments, I was watching the climactic scene in which Peter Finch, the "mad prophet," was assassinated on camera, at Dunaway's orders, because his ratings were lousy.

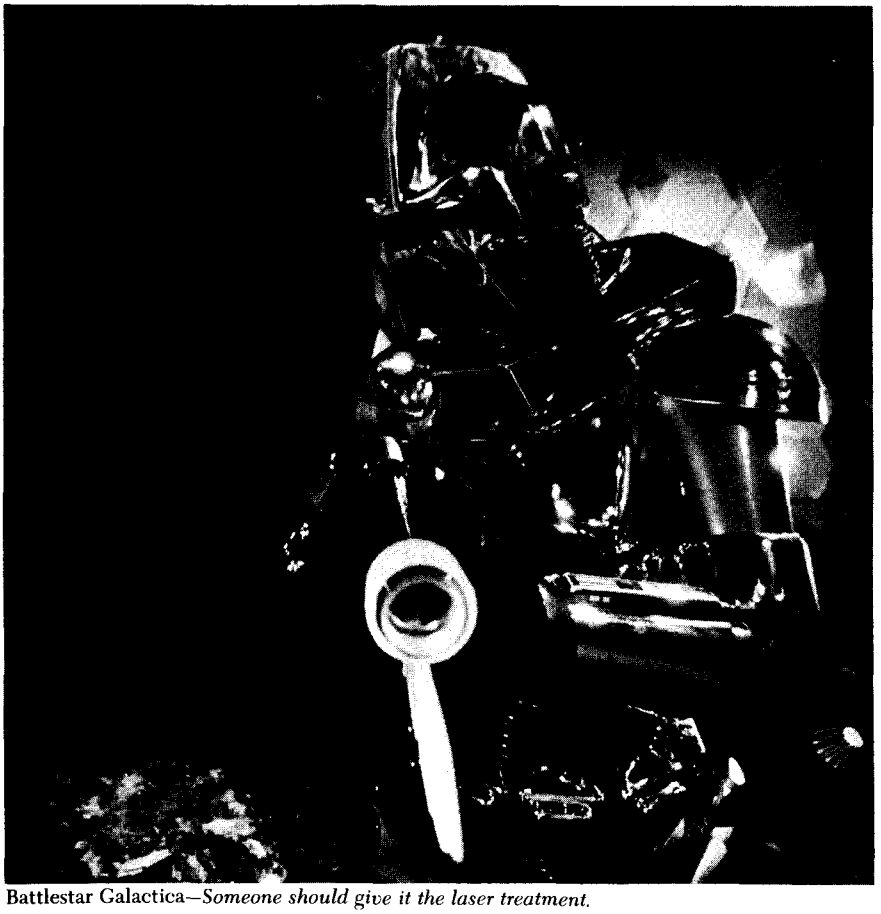
CBS should receive a medal for presenting Paddy Chayefsky's award-winning film without disfiguring cuts or apologetic disclaimers, and for doing so, moreover, in mid-October, the very peak of the new season's frenzy. In fact, I was more impressed by *Network* on television than as a feature film; not only were the mawkish scenes eliminated, but it was eerily more effective with commercial breaks, some of them promo messages for the very kind of programming that the film was parodying. Art and life were at kissing distance.

Seeing *Network* brought to mind an interesting paradox. Chayefsky, of course, made his reputation in the 1950s, during television's so-called "golden age," with such original dramas as *Marty*, *Middle of the Night*, and *The Bachelor Party*, each of which was subsequently turned into a movie. Now it is possible that the golden age of the 1950s never really existed and is but an artifact of the nostalgia industry. Still, can anyone name any recent television production that has inspired a feature film? (Inescapably, now that *Animal House* is a hit, plans are afoot to recycle it into a TV series.)

To the contrary, judging by this season, it is working the other way. Any number of new programs are shameless facsimiles of successful movies. Thus we have CBS's *The Paper Chase*, in which John Houseman has recreated his role as a crusty professor in the film of the same name; and we have ABC's *Taxi*, a comedic translation of the Robert DeNiro movie.

Battlestar Galactica is so larcenously similar to *Star Wars* that it's provoked not only suits but countersuits. This top-rated ABC show has all the gimmickry but none of the freshness of the original. I've also noticed that post-*Star*

John Houseman in The Paper Chase—*Unabashed, unsuccessful transplant.*



Battlestar Galactica—*Someone should give it the laser treatment.*

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Wars robots have not improved their marksmanship—androids in the TV series seem utterly incapable of hitting a human. They need target practice. It would be refreshing if one Cylon gave the laser treatment to the petulant child actor in *Battlestar*, whose appearance has caused me to reconsider the merits of infanticide. (It would also be nice if someone in the universe spoke a language other than English.)

Of all the network rip-offs, none was more ironic than *W.E.B.*, an NBC series that was supposed to be about the television industry. Itself inspired by *Network*, the series was created by Lin Bolen, who is said to be the model for the Faye Dunaway role in the film. Regrettably, Bolen's depiction of network realpolitik had all the savor of artificial sweetener. The Dunaway/Bolen character (Ellen Cunningham, played by Pamela Bellwood) had her claws pulled out and was as chaste as Doris Day. That *W.E.B.* had proved a ratings disaster suggests that NBC should have fired Bolen and employed a real minx—possibly Faye Dunaway.

Nonetheless, I sympathize with all who have had to turn out new network series, since the rules are loaded against creativity. There were by my count 23 new offerings dumped on the hapless viewer at once this fall. Each was given a month or so to prove itself in the ratings; because of the competitive hysteria among the networks, no time is allowed for a show to find its feet. The premium is necessarily placed

Pamela Bellwood in the short-lived W.E.B.

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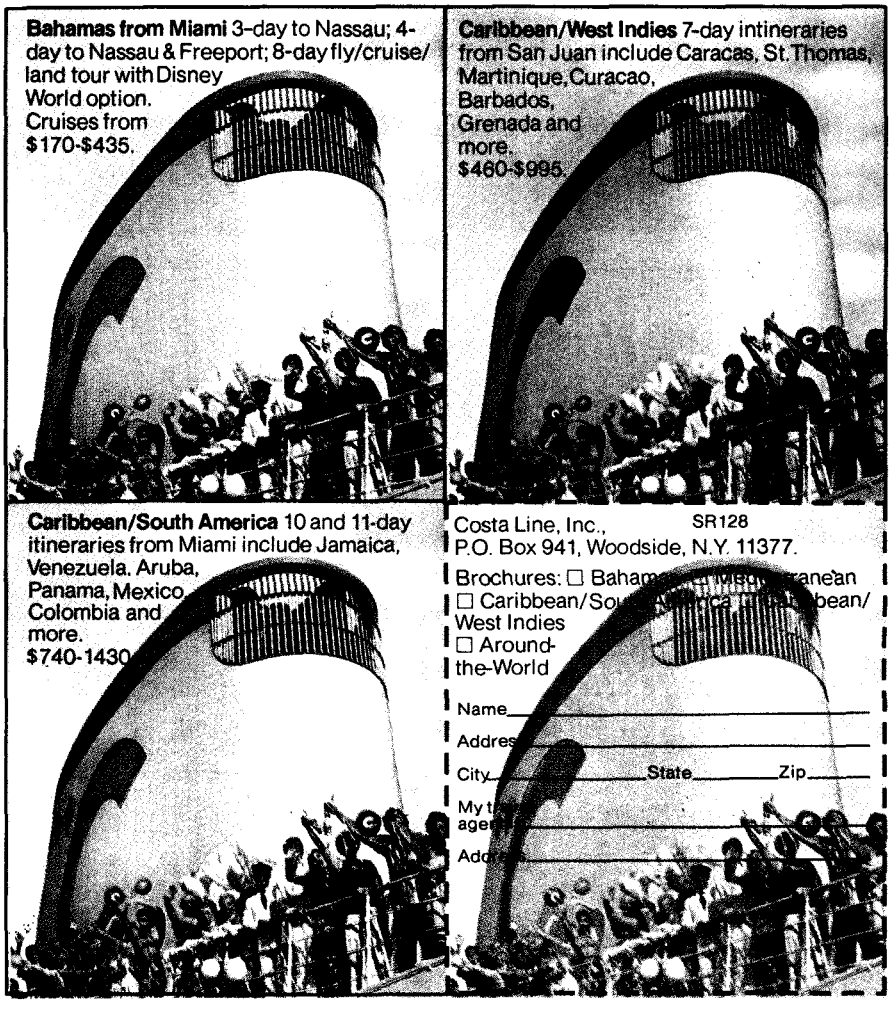
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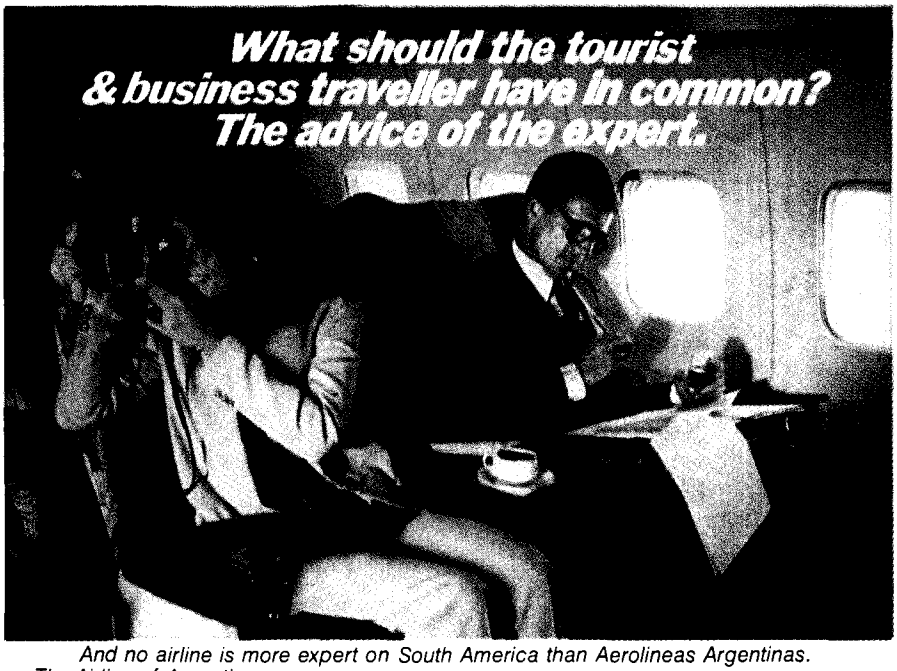

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on instant impact and stereotyped plots. It may take six months for a genuinely original program to build an audience and develop offbeat characterizations—as happened with *All in the Family* and the *Mary Tyler Moore Show.*

The solution would be to abandon the very notion of a season and to space out new programming over a longer period. When Fred Silverman was chief programmer at ABC, before his ascent to the presidency of NBC, he pioneered the idea of springtime debuts for new network shows. But the innovation was regarded as a network stratagem and won no converts among Silverman's rivals.

Now that President Carter has worked his sorcery on President Sadat and Premier Begin, perhaps he could stage a Camp David summit for the three warring networks, and bring about a cease-fire in the pointless autumn hostilities. But for sure, as Mr. Sadat might say, until the system is changed our airwaves will not be safe for the likes of a Paddy Chayefsky, and rip-off programming will remain the rule. ◉

Wit Twister No. 132

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

While ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
gowns and stitching tiny pleats,
The bored ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ were itching for the streets.
Their eyes, opaque ___ ___ ___
___ ___ ___ ___ gave no clue
That these jeunes filles were plotting whoop-de-do. A.S.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 121

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PTS AT UTL JYY GTKY FU LEY
CTTV LEBU PTS AFA CYXTKY:
PTS JYY GTKY FU PTS LEBU
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Answers next issue

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NY 11/3

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NY 11/4

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Fire Sale at the Curtis Institute

by Irving Kolodin

THE DECISION OF the famous Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia to sell at auction its hoard of Wagneriana, called the Burrell Collection, raises some questions about the relation of public interest to private privilege. Is the piano on which past director Josef Hofmann played so beautifully next in line for disposal? Or, perhaps, the Cremona violin cherished by Hofmann's successor, Efrem Zimbalist, Sr.?

The board of directors of Curtis has stated that the Burrell Collection, including priceless musical manuscripts and no less than 430 letters pertaining to the great Richard, was sold "in order to augment the endowment" of the school. Doubtless Curtis needs money. Who doesn't?

But the equivalent of the family jewels should be reserved for a dire emergency, rather than put on the block because the shoe pinches.

The timing may be attributable in part to the appointment of John de Lancie as Curtis's director in early 1977. In a proud sequence of directors that has included Rudolf Serkin, as well as Zimbalist and Hofmann, de Lancie can hardly be considered a heavyweight. He was a fine first oboe player for the Philadelphia Orchestra for 31 years.

Are his attitudes, points of view, and artistic standards in keeping with those of his distinguished predecessors? I would say, to paraphrase the late Cole Porter, that he is "true to them in his fashion."

In a recent conversation in his office, he defended the board's decision, last year, to eliminate the opera productions directed by Max Rudolf in a downtown theater because the series "wasn't education" and cost "too much money." Such public exposure of talented young people is now confined to in-house performances—the house being the Rittenhouse Square mansion, which has served Curtis for more than 50 years with neither a proper concert hall nor a theater. My impression of de Lancie is clear-cut: He is the musical equivalent of a "company man," one who sees Curtis and its priorities as the board sees them.

At the top of these priorities is preservation of the long-standing belief of Mary Louise Curtis Bok, who founded the school in the Twenties and bought the Burrell Collection in the Thirties, that tuition should be free to the most talented young people in the world.

This was an admirable concept at the time; but modern educators might find it less suitable for the present. Tuition per student is now estimated to have a book value of $7,000. For a student body now restricted to 150, the cost of teaching alone will be more than $1 million a year. And it is in order to pay such costs as these that Curtis has decided to dispose of its Wagner collection.

The announcement from Curtis informing the public of the Wagner sale refers to the original endowment as "the largest single private fund ever devoted to the advancement of music." This recalls another famous event in American musical history, in which a similar problem found a different, and preferable, solution.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was founded by the famous banker and music-lover, Thomas Lee Higginson, in the belief that a million 1880 dollars would keep it solvent forever. Only 40 years later it, too, was inadequate. Did the Boston Symphony sell off its valuable Symphony Hall property, and rent cheaper quarters elsewhere? Hardly. There were a Cabot, a Lowell, and a Lodge (one of each) on the Boston Symphony board, who sought, and found, 300 Bostonians to act as guarantors in 1923. Fifty-five years later, the orchestra plays in the same hall, still rated one of the world's best.

Whether or not those presently responsible for decisions at Curtis are pursuing a proper course, this is surely a troublesome time for our old-line, privately endowed music schools. The problem goes beyond rising costs and dwindling dollar values to a new, widely dispersed kind of competition that is rarely mentioned.

This "thunder on the left" comes from municipal or state-supported institutions, whose standards of teaching, and financial resources, have vastly improved in recent years. These realities embody some searching questions of priorities and principles that may be better investigated at another time.

If the sale of the Burrell Collection (which has now gone back home to Germany) leads to a serious consideration of even greater educational issues, the results might not be all bad. ◉

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Days in the Life of Cosima Wagner

From Cosima Wagner's Diaries

Cosima and Richard Wagner with their only son, Siegfried, 1873

Cosima Wagner's Diaries: Volume I, 1869–1877
Translated by Geoffrey Skelton
Edited and annotated by Martin Gregor-Dellin and Dietrich Mack
Helen and Kurt Wolff/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1248 pp., $24.95

Reviewed by
Eleanor Perényi

THE PUBLICATION of Cosima Wagner's diaries almost a century after she made the final entry on February 12, 1883, the day before Richard Wagner's death, is an event for Wagnerians, students of 19th-century cultural history, and anyone interested in the morbid psychology of women. Up to now, only two scholars are known to have examined the journals: Wagner's biographer Carl Friedrich Glasenapp, and du Moulin Eckart, author of Cosima's official biography. For obscure reasons, both inaccurately reproduced much of what they chose to quote. Cosima, who didn't die until 1930 (at the age of 92), could, of course, have corrected the errors and for that matter published the diaries herself. That she didn't was owing to a series of family wrangles and lawsuits that weren't cleared up until 1974—when the transcription of her nearly one million words began. Now we have the English translation by Geoffrey Skelton, and so far as one can judge it is admirably done.

Cosima was the second of Liszt's three bastard children by the Countess Marie d'Agoult. Virtually abandoned by their parents, they were brought up in Paris by their paternal grandmother. Two of them died young, losses that haunted Cosima for the rest of her life and were in no way compensated by her marriage to Hans von Bülow, a stiff-necked young musician who was devoted to her but had no gift for love. Wagner, 24 years older than she and her father's friend, was a powerful influence on her long before they became lovers. Liszt had been the great promoter of Wagner and "the music of the future" during his tenure as musical director at Weimar; Bülow had early hitched his wagon to Wagner's star. Unhappily married and feeling herself very much the foreigner in Germany, Cosima naturally fell into Wagner's clutches.

Women, she had been brought up to believe, had no higher function than to serve as priestesses at the altar of art, and neglect had given her a low opinion of her own worth. As a girl she was considered plain, though in fact she was an elegant creature, and a gifted person in her own right. All this Wagner saw. He loved her for herself, but still more as the daughter of Liszt—toward whom his feelings were compounded of admiration and jealousy. He wanted her, and what Wagner wanted he was accustomed to feel he must have, no matter what the human cost. Cosima, who had never before been made to feel indispensable, gave herself without hesitation.

The diaries begin on January 1, 1869, a few weeks after Cosima joined Wagner for good at Tribschen, a villa on the Vierwaldstätter Lake, just outside Lucerne. She brought with her their two daughters, Isolde and Eva, whom Bülow pretended to believe were his and who bore his name, and she was pregnant with Siegfried, her third child by Wagner, and only son. (Two older daughters who were legitimately Bülow's were soon to arrive.) Already the lovers were a public scandal. Ludwig of Bavaria, Wagner's patron, was so

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embarrassed by the whole affair he hardly knew how to proceed with the productions of Wagner's operas in Munich. Liszt was furious at "the moral murder of Hans" and steered clear of them for several years. Aware of all this, Cosima set to work if not to expunge the record—which was hardly possible—at least to justify it, first to her children, then by extension to the world at large.

So, we have, on the one hand, her daily hand-wringing at the grief she has caused Bülow, and on the other her eulogies of the demigod for whose sake no sacrifice could be too great. (It must be said that Bülow shared this view—he was the gentleman-martyr *par excellence*.) The result is as morally suspect as such *mea culpas* generally are. "Passion dies," wrote Liszt in response to one of her plaints, "but the pangs of conscience remain." The diary records her outrage: "What a superficial judgment! As if my coming to R. had been an act of passion, and as if I could ever feel pangs of conscience on that account! How little my father knows me, after all!—How willingly would I give up any sort of joy if I knew but one being to whom I could entrust R.'s isolated life!" One is reminded of those politicans who run for office only to save the country. In Cosima's letters to Bülow she made clear what a wretched husband he was and how right she was to leave him. They make pleasanter reading than the flights of hypocrisy in the diary. She abased herself before Wagner, but those who knew her well recognized her ruthlessness. To Liszt, she was always *ma terrible fille*, and with reason.

The problem with Cosima's journals is in fact her strong will. Sooner or later, most diarists give the show away whether they mean to or not, and that is their charm. But Cosima was no Boswell. Her object was to create a legend, not to elucidate one. That was Wagner's object too, and it can be fascinating to watch them in collaboration. Wagner as she enters his study with the baby in her arms: "To create beauty from beauty!" Cosima when he plays her a fragment from *Tristan*: "[It] so pierced my heart that I was quite unable to write a short note...." (His music invariably made her swoon.) Wagner was of course such an outsized personage that it is almost impossible to write dully about him—even his dreams, which he told her every morning at breakfast, are more amusing than most people's. The details of their household, too, are interesting. Will the dog Kos be returned safely from the veterinarian? We read on to find out, only to realize that such minutiae are really all that Cosima has to add to our store of knowledge concerning Wagner. Something is missing, and it is a huge something.

The reader who begins here would never guess that Wagner was one of the monsters in the world of music. His vicious anti-Semitism does, to be sure, appear. Cosima records their pleasure when the audience at a Wagner concert utters the dread "Hepp, hepp!" (the cry of the pogrom) at some Jews who are protesting his pamphlet *Jewry in Music;* and we are treated to a number of lectures on this repulsive subject. We get, too, glimpses of his sudden, shameless courting of Prussia when he perceived, almost too late, that German imperialism was the wave of the future. His financial dealings, bordering on the criminal; his treachery and ingratitude toward everyone who tried to help him; his emotional chicanery—all these are glossed over or ignored. Cosima took Wagner's word for it that he was a persecuted man and never asked herself whether there might be a reason. Proper wifely behavior perhaps (they were married shortly after Siegried's birth) but a loss to those who want something more than confirmation that 19th-century women had quite a hard time of it.

Scholars, for example, are going to be disappointed at the scamping of the Wagner-Nietzsche relationship, which was central to the development of Nietzsche's thought. What, they have wondered, was the real story behind the philosopher's flight from Bayreuth in the summer of 1875? Cosima scarcely touches on the episode—nor on the last meeting of the two men at Sorrento, when Nietzsche's disillusionment was complete. No longer useful as a propagandist for Bayreuth, he simply fell by the wayside. In the end, Cosima's egotism and inhumanity came to resemble those of Wagner himself. Left alone to manage Bayreuth, she became a tyrant, and it is no great wonder that her descendants were delighted to receive the Fuehrer.

I mention these points because it isn't the translator's job to second-guess his subject, and Geoffrey Skelton hasn't done so, either in his notes or his introduction. A crib is therefore needed if the otherwise uninformed reader is to make sense of Cosima's story. I recommend Robert Gutman's *Richard Wagner: The Man, His Mind and His Music* by way of setting the record straight. ◉

Eleanor Perényi's latest book is Liszt: The Artist as Romantic Hero *(Atlantic/Little, Brown, 1974).*

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Against the Law

The Million Dollar Lawyers
by Joseph C. Goulden
Putnam's, 346 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Alan Barth

JOSEPH GOULDEN closed his earlier book, *The Superlawyers* (1972), by quoting Shakespeare's Dick the Butcher: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." He closes his new book, *The Million Dollar Lawyers*, by quoting himself as saying to a friend: "As you know, I'm not anti-lawyer—I just think they foul up a lot of things for the rest of us." To which his friend replies, "Well, why not just say they'd better get off our toes and stop making society so damnably complex? The way I read what you've written, they're more interested in their damned fees and their little courtroom games than they are in justice. For one, I'm tired of it. Damned tired of it, and I think lots of other people are also."

"I thought about that statement for a while," Goulden concludes. "'You're right,' I said. 'So I think I'll leave out the ersatz political philosophy and say just that.'"

Well, Goulden went ahead and said just that. But it isn't enough, really. *The Million Dollar Lawyers* leaves out of account the numberless lawyers who honorably counsel widows and settle estates and guide businessmen through the intricacies of anti-trust laws and compassionately arrange divorces and write viable contracts and render a score of other services to a society grown inescapably complex without the contrivance of lawyers.

There is much truth in what Goulden says, of course, and it is truth worth telling. But it can hardly be considered a revelation that to most lawyers their work is a way of making a living—and they get the most they can out of it.

Goulden accomplishes the limited task he sets for himself by recounting a long succession of lawsuits and court trials that have taken place in the past decade or so. These tales are for the most part interesting and significant, disclosing a great deal about the myriad ways in which time and energy and money are wasted—often deliberately—by resorting to the rituals and amenities and subterfuges of the law. These tales, told with verve and sophistication, are carefully researched by a writer who knows where to look and what to look for.

The Million Dollar Lawyers, Goulden tells us at the outset, "is composed of disparate but interlocking sections. The first treats two sorts of cases in which the ordinary citizen is apt to find himself involved at one point or another during his lifetime: divorce or personal injury. The next discusses what could be called the 'stock market lawyers,' and how their mumbo jumbo, recited in total unison with their cousins, the brokers, affects the truth of what we are told about the bonds and securities in which some 26 million of us have invested our funds. Then we explore the special problems involved when large corporations—in this instance, IBM and Telex—heave and snort at one another in multimillion-dollar litigation. Finally, there is a look at a new specter known as legal malpractice."

The book begins with a string of exceedingly seamy and sordid divorce cases in which the legal gladiators seem to be much more like shysters than million-dollar lawyers. Divorce actions are often complicated by terrible personal bitterness that leads to the cruelest and most shameful sorts of accusation by persons once presumably in love and linked by vows of fidelity. "Divorce," an unidentified Dallas lawyer says to Goulden, "is inherently acrimonious, and people who have fought and hated one another for years see the proceeding as their 'last chance to take a shot at the SOB.'"

In the next section Goulden tells us a great deal about personal-injury suits—how they are prepared, how settlements are negotiated. Personal injury suits are hardly a pleasanter form of lawyering than divorce cases, but they can be immensely profitable.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Goulden's book is his detailed account of the infinitely intricate and protracted lawsuit brought by the Telex Corporation against the International Business Machines Corporation. His reduction of this complicated contest to a degree of comprehensibility is an achievement of no mean proportion, and demonstrates how skilled a reporter he can be. It also demonstrates Goulden's point—how lawyers batten on the rivalries of giant corporations.

"In 1955," Goulden tells us, "IBM retained only nine in-house lawyers in its domestic and corporate headquarters. In March 1975, according to vice-president and general counsel Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, the domestic staff was up to 105 full-time attorneys .... There are another 96 attorneys on IBM's foreign staff.... This doesn't begin the count, however. The New York firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, which is IBM's chief outside counsel in the anti-trust cases, has upwards of 50 lawyers working full-time on IBM on any given day." Even the greenest of these lawyers is paid over $20,000 a year.

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All over the country, bar associations and local bar authorities have adopted codes of conduct that appear to impose high standards of professional behavior upon lawyers.

But self-discipline by lawyers is, as Goulden says, in large part "a farce." A study commission headed by the late Tom C. Clark, former Attorney General and an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, reported in 1970 that lawyers' attitudes toward discipline ranged from "apathy to outright hostility." Lawyers in every part of the country countenanced with apparent composure the most sleazy and shameful conduct by their colleagues.

In considerable part this misconduct stems from sheer incompetence, and there can be little doubt that the broad indictments of lawyers recently expressed by President Carter and by Chief Justice Burger had ample justification. This is one good reason why Goulden quite rightly asserts that "in public-opinion polls lawyers constantly turn up with a 'respected' rating lower than even that timeless rogue, the used-car salesman."

There are stirrings in the bar, however, that afford some hope of betterment. Permitting lawyers to advertise their services may do a good deal to reduce the air of mystery surrounding the law, so that poor and unsophisticated people may be less afraid of consulting an attorney when, as so often happens, they are in real need of legal counsel to protect themselves against grasping and overreaching business enterprises. Some energetic competition may also help to bring down the needless costs of the elementary aspects of legal work.

An Ethics Committee in the progressive bar of the District of Columbia, in which non-lawyers have been included as members, has recommended some hesitant steps to curb the "revolving door" lawyers use to move back and forth between government service and private practice in ways that grossly impair public confidence in the justice system. Lawyers may yet find ways to restore some shine to their badly tarnished image.

Goulden's book is a useful, if rough, prod to that purpose. In a country that is determined to maintain the adversary system of seeking justice, we need lawyers. It would be better, on the whole, to redeem them than to take Dick the Butcher's recommendation literally. ◉

Alan Barth is a Washington-based journalist. His most recent book is Prophets with Honor.

Fairy Tale Truths

Fairy Tales and After: From Snow White to E.B. White
by Roger Sale
Harvard University Press, 272 pp., $11

Reviewed by Clara Claiborne Park

"CHILDREN'S LITERATURE," writes Roger Sale, "is one of the glories of our recent literary heritage." Therefore he takes it seriously, as he takes any literature that is precious to him—the works of George Eliot, William Empson, or Spenser, for instance, the authors who are for him irreplaceable. So *Fairy Tales and After* is not a casual series of remarks and judgments, of interest to librarians and professors of education who preside over a ghetto called "children's literature," but considered literary criticism, useful to all of us who remember the books of our childhood. "Useful," of course, should be taken to mean "enjoyable"; "seriously" is not at all the same thing as "heavily."

Sale begins with one of the oldest definitions of the function of literature: that it give profit and delight, a definition these days honored chiefly in the breach. He writes—on fairy tales and talking animals, on Lewis Carroll, Beatrix Potter, Kenneth Grahame, L. Frank Baum, *Kim*, and *Charlotte's Web*—in the genial spirit of one wanting to write about very good books that nobody else has been writing about.

For Sale, children's literature is literature, make no mistake. *The Wind in the Willows* is, quite simply, "part of the ongoing emotional equipment of all who love it," and "The River Bank," its first chapter, is "one of the great opening chapters of any reader's reading life." Condescension is not Sale's mode; he finds he can no longer feel at home in the seemingly innocent world of Christopher Robin.

He brings to his texts the trained reader's range and capacity for significant attention, without the overtrained reader's overinvestment in complexity or his obtuseness toward the simple. Sale's is one of those valuable books that invite dialogue; on every page we find ourselves interrupting with "ands" and "buts." Is "ruthless" the word we want for Lewis Carroll? And fine as Sale is on the qualities of Beatrix Potter's style ("dispassionate," "alert," "intent"), imaginative as he is in relating her life to her art, can he convince us that her achievement is "more considerable than Lewis Carroll's"? He loads a lot onto those mice and ducks and foxes. Yet we never feel that he's breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.

Carroll's "great talent," he tells us, "was for putting awful truths in ways that did not crush," and when we have read his examination of the White Queen's efforts to cope with "the mess that is her life," we understand what Sale means. We recognize what we felt missing in *Animal Farm* when Sale notes that Orwell, lacking the ancient faith in the oneness of creation that links human and animal, "adopts the beast-fable as though he were putting on a piece of armor." And we agree that the "somber equilibrium" of Babar's world is absolutely authentic. Mothers are shot by hunters and kings expire in torment after having eaten bad mushrooms, but "even the most shocking moments will last no longer than the most satisfying ones: both take no longer than two facing pages."

The art we first encounter matters deeply—perhaps more deeply than any other. So Sale discovers that the writers who spoke to him most strongly as a child—Seuss, de Brunhoff, Milne, and the others he considers in this book—"are all accepting authors showing us the reassurances and even the pleasures that can follow if we accept," celebrating "the actual and possible in the midst of magic, confusion, loss."

Sale is not at ease with magic. Rethinking his childhood reading, he finds himself "a daylight reader, seeking to live in a daylight world." The writers he treats most sympathetically are daylight writers; of Oz, for all its marvels, he notes approvingly, "It is precisely the atmosphere of Baum's writing not to be atmospheric, or faerie, or invoking, or mysterious." Those whose "ongoing emotional equipment" fed in the dark forests and magic mountains of the psyche, shimmeringly tangled in mysterious language, may find Oz commonplace and may disagree with Sale on much of his criticism. How can he so cavalierly dismiss C.S. Lewis's Narnia series ("brittle, mechanical, naggingly preachy")? Not even a mention of *The Princess and the Goblin*?

But it is Sale's strength that his criticism is personal. In his hands, criticism attends to its real business: to tell what a good reader noticed, what he liked and what he didn't and why. In so doing he deepens and widens our understanding of what we read, and of ourselves. ◉

Clara Claiborne Park teaches English at Williams College.

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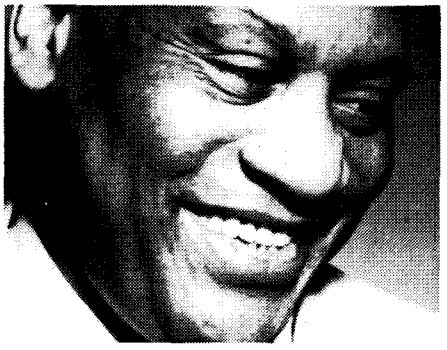

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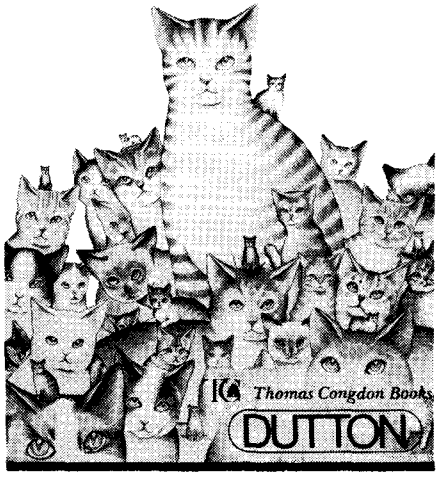

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Books in Brief

The Human Province
by Elias Canetti
Seabury Press, 281 pp., $12.95

Elias Canetti has gained wide recognition in Europe for his anti-Fascist novel *Auto-da-Fé* (1935) and his rich theoretical excursion into social and political pathology, *Crowds and Power* (1960). Yet this cosmopolitan social philosopher, who writes in German but has lived in England for over 30 years, is little known in this country. Now, with the American publication of several of his works, and because his imagination plays across that field where society, personality, and literature meet, he should find many new readers.

Canetti does not, to be sure, have an American mind, inspired as he is by metaphysics, morals, myth, and psychological contradiction rather than by prosaic empirical fact. His intellectual and literary style, combining speculative reach and aphoristic bite, recalls the jarring social criticism of fellow German-language authors, Nietzsche, Kafka, and Musil. And for an introduction to this style, nothing serves better than *The Human Province*.

A collection of meditations, epiphanies, and idle jottings, the book records Canetti's thoughts on human nature and his times from 1942 to 1972. The early pages show him stunned by the vast, banal violence of modern war: "Six uniformed people around a table, no gods, determine which cities will vanish within the hour." Later he dwells on ambivalence and ambiguity in culture and character, discovering such large and small realities as: "The terrible thing about guilt feelings: not even they are right." And he marks the completion of *Crowds and Power*, after a labor of 20 years, with the words: "Now I tell myself that I have succeeded in grabbing this century by the throat."

Canetti's thoughts betray a sensibility much disillusioned by knowledge and experience. Yet resilience remains. Intellectual energy and clear vision bring Canetti moral strength, and sometimes even a smile.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Where I Live: Selected Essays
by Tennessee Williams
New Directions, 192 pp.
$12.50 cloth, $4.95 paper

It scarcely matters that "A Summer of Discovery" tells us little about *Night of the Iguana*, which it purports to introduce. What this 1961 reminiscence of a 1940 "aborted flirtation with the dark angel" during a despairingly drunken summer in Mexico does tell us about is an impulse toward life that glows most luminously during "desperate intervals." In that sense, it could serve as an introduction to almost any Williams play.

Most of the other essays in this collection are similarly loose-jointed. The foreword to *Sweet Bird of Youth*, for example, could actually serve as (among several other things) a fascinating foreword to his early horror fiction for *Weird Tales* magazine: As Williams sees it, the "atmosphere of hysteria and violence" in these youthful shockers "sets the keynote for most of what has followed."

Williams is temperamentally impatient with the essay form ("Sometimes it would take page after page of tedious exposition to put across an idea that can be said with an object or a gesture on the lighted stage"), and the weaker essays have a listless abstractness that will jar anyone used to his customary intensity. But the better ones—such as his famous "On a Streetcar Named Success"; the wonderfully jaded 1972 description of obnoxious interviewers; and the moving tributes to Carson McCullers, William Inge, and Tallulah Bankhead—are in Williams's authentic voice. Especially high-powered is his account of the trauma of sudden success, of being "snatched out of virtual oblivion" and thrust into an expensive Manhattan hotel where his dinner was rolled into his room "like a corpse." He is at his best when simple and anecdotal—the "unregenerate romanticist," as he calls himself, unregenerately obsessive about his past. —JACK SULLIVAN

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TRADE WINDS

Eclipsed by the Strike

by Walter Arnold

THE ONLY weekly general book review that reaches a large national audience in America is the *New York Times Book Review*. The Sunday *Times*, of which it is a part, has a circulation of about 1.5 million. So the *TBR*, as the section is familiarly called, reaches about four million people, even though not all of them read it. The *TBR* also has a separate circulation of 75,000 copies weekly. In any case, within the book trade, the *TBR* is believed to have the greatest influence on the book marketplace; its advertising rates—the highest in the business—are a direct reflection of that influence: $5,500 for a full-page ad and $2,500 for two columns.

So when the *Times* was eclipsed in the latest New York newspaper worker-management war, book people feared it would have a depressing or, if much prolonged, possibly catastrophic effect on their business. But with few exceptions, my informants and highly placed spokespersons—among them Stuart Harris, director of advertising, publicity, and promotion at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; Cyd Rosenberg, educational coordinator of the American Booksellers Association; and Sid Gross, merchandise manager of the Doubleday bookstores—told me that in the New York area the sale of books during the strike hardly suffered from, and in some cases was actually stimulated by, the absence of the *TBR*.

In fact, regular book readers were forced to find out for themselves what new books were available. Certainly everyone I talked with agreed that the "big books" by best-selling authors—for instance, Helen MacInnes's *Prelude to Terror*, Herman Wouk's *War and Remembrance*, and Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*—were doing the kind of business their publishers could have expected of them if the *TBR* had boosted or blasted them.

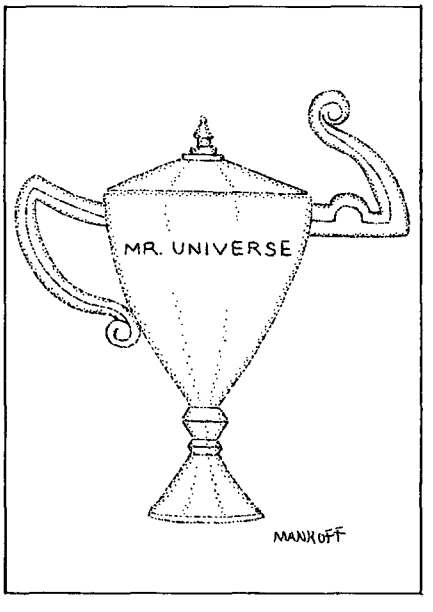
There are still plenty of authors who think otherwise, and believe their new books lost by not getting the front-page review that they probably would have gotten. But that is animal faith and hungry presumption. It is true that Theodore White's *In Search of History*, which got the last lead review in the *TBR* before the strike, rose to the top of some best-seller lists, but White is not exactly unknown. In addition, his book was excerpted in *Time* magazine and the *Atlantic Monthly*, and reviewed in virtually every major journal. *The Far Pavilions*, by M.M. Kaye, hardly a name to conjure with, rose steadily on national best-seller lists in fiction without any *Times* advertising or review attention. And although publishers apparently told editors of the *TBR* that publication of important fall books would be postponed because of the strike, not one of the seven major publishers I spoke to knew of any such postponements.

Nevertheless, most people in the book business believe, and I agree with them, that sales of books *the reading public is expected to be interested in* would have been higher if they had been given a prominent *TBR* review, especially if they had been put on the cover. Examples from the time of the latest eclipse are Peter Matthiessen's *The Snow Leopard*, Robert Heilbroner's *Beyond Boom and Crash*, Don DeLillo's *Running Dog*, and Richard Yates's *A Good School*, which was in fact slated for a lead review in the *TBR*. But sales of other kinds of books can surely be boosted by, and may be more dependent on, a strong notice in the *Times*: serious literary works, especially fiction and poetry, and somewhat specialized works of nonfiction, including university press books. I have in mind such works as William Barrett's first-rate philosophical essay, *The Illusion of Technique*; Maureen Howard's compelling memoir, *Facts of Life*; Ellen Schwamm's fine short novel, *Adjacent Lives*; and a remarkable experiment in fiction, *Wrinkles*, by Charles Simmons (who is, ironically, a *TBR* staff editor). The real point is that the power and influence of the *Times Book Review* is very hard to substantiate. Editors and publishers pay much more attention to the *TBR* (after all, it confirms their existence) than the general reading public does.

To the extent that the *TBR*'s influence on reading, sales, and critical reputation is a reality, however, it is a deplorable one. The review is often decisive, informative, and engaging—far better than it was before the eclipse of 1962-63 (Edmund Wilson said that he first knew of its existence when he heard reports of its absence). But it is unhealthy for the book industry and the regular reading public to depend so heavily on one source, a source that certainly has its share of favorites and colored lenses, as well as the deadly air of portentous complacency so prevalent at the *Times*. Besides, the *TBR* cannot review more than a tenth of the more than 40,000 new books that cascade off the presses every year.

One of the possible benefits of the latest eclipse of the *Times* and its book review may have been to lead interested readers to the many other reviews and review sections in American journals, including the one weekly supplement that is consistently superior to the *TBR*, even though much smaller (shame on its owners), namely the *Washington Post*'s *Book World*. The *Boston Globe* and the *Los Angeles Times* also have lively book sections. There are very good reviews of books of general interest in nearly every issue of journals such as *Commonweal*, the *Nation*, *Commentary*, *Newsweek* (*Time*'s book section could do better), the *New Republic*, the *American Spectator*, *Harper's* (the *Atlantic Monthly* could do more and better), and *New Times*, not to mention *Saturday Review*. If you like your reviews novella-sized and penultimate, there is always the New York Review of Themselves.

Of course there is too great a dependency on book reviews in the first place. They represent the sway of opinion over knowledge and contribute to a passivity of the mind already too well cultivated by other media. The book's the thing, even if you want to fling it out the window when you're done with it. ◉



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PLEASURES

How to Drink Wine Without Going Broke

by Sam Aaron and Clifton Fadiman

WRITERS ON WINE, including the authors of this article, are fond of pointing to the success of the Wine Revolution, to the increasing domestic consumption of wine, to the growth of real sophistication on the part of the American consumer, and to the variety and richness of our own California wine scene.

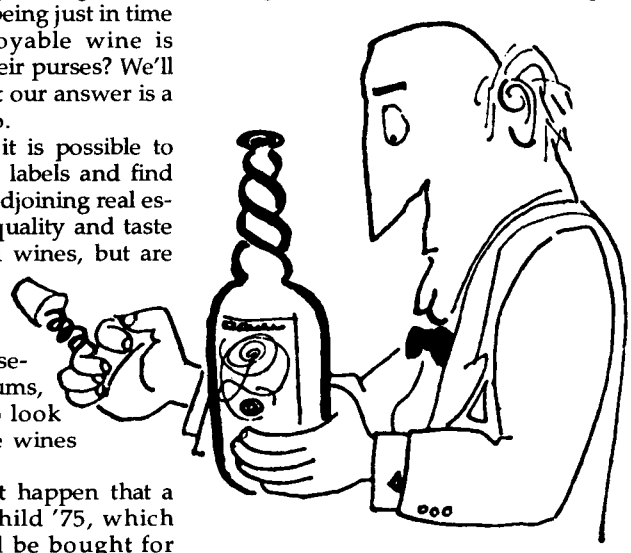
But the note of triumph can maintain its resonance only if the majority of us can afford to buy wine both today and in the foreseeable future. Is it possible that a great new body of eager consumers has come into being just in time to discover that enjoyable wine is beyond the reach of their purses? We'll tell you in advance that our answer is a moderately cheerful no.

We will show how it is possible to sidestep the expensive labels and find wines that come from adjoining real estate, approximate the quality and taste of the more celebrated wines, but are lower in price because they are relatively unknown. We will offer guidance in selecting jugs and magnums, and suggest labels to look for in countries whose wines are often overlooked.

But first, how did it happen that a case of Lafite Rothschild '75, which only yesterday could be bought for $225, is now up to $400? Even those with thinner wallets—and that is most of us—have watched an adequate Pinot Chardonnay from Mâcon jump in one year from $3 to $4.50. When a previously affordable bottle edges a little out of reach, wine drinking induces anxiety rather than pleasure.

There are four factors operating to produce today's discouraging prices. Even if the other factors remained constant, the French annual inflation rate of 10 to 12 percent would mean an automatic identical increase in the price of every bottle of French wine. Second, there is the reprehensible behavior of the dollar. Last year's franc was worth 20 cents; today it's 25 cents. The German mark in two years has moved from 38 cents to 57.8 cents. On the other hand, in Italy the lira/dollar ratio has remained virtually stable—and this may be one reason why Italy, outstripping France, has become the greatest exporter of wine to the U.S.

The third and fourth reasons are clear: inadequate supply, increased demand. French wines can now cross German, Dutch, and Belgian boundaries duty-free. These countries, along with Switzerland, are as prosperous as they are thirsty. That means their citizens, after driving straight to French vineyards on a weekend jaunt, are buying up the better vintages that might otherwise slide down the American gullet. The same sort of thing—



©Punch

buying at the wineries by the consumer—goes on at the California boutique vineyards. In the case of the really great labels, as well as for many not quite so great, it's a seller's market.

In general, '75 and '76 Bordeaux wines are virtually all gone. This year's vintage, which may improve on '76, had a yield 30 percent below normal. The total production of '77—an acceptable vintage, but no more than that—was 60 percent below average. Philippe Cottin of Chateau Mouton-Rothschild confirmed the scarcity; enthusiastic British, Swiss, Belgians, and Germans, as well as the French, have bought out all the '75 and '76 clarets. Scarcity is the main trouble, not any attempt to hike prices artificially.

In Burgundy, this year's vintage may be great, possibly equal to the '76s and '71s. It won't do us much good, for the yield is low and the wine will vanish as quickly as did the 76s, probably before reaching our shores in any appreciable quantity. It would be wise, therefore, to grab right now any available high-grade red '76s, '72s, and '71s, and any similarly outstanding white '76s and '75s. But the pickings will be scarce; Europeans have been there first.

One red Burgundy that Americans have quickly come to love is Beaujolais. It makes friends easily. A particularly engaging Beaujolais is Chateau de la Chaize, owned by the Marquis de Roussy de Sales. He was not happy about Beaujolais '77, terming it a "capricious" vintage, but is much more sanguine about '78, both as to quality and quantity. In balance, fruit, and richness it may come at least within hailing distance of Beaujolais's great '76 vintage. More important, the yield should be sufficient to keep prices reasonably stable. Beaujolais stocks will arrive at dealers in the spring of 1979.

The popular Loire whites (Muscadet, Sancerre, Pouilly-Fumé are names we've come to recognize) present a less happy picture. The '78 crop will be only 50 percent of normal, though its quality will be outstanding. Look for a 15 percent to 18 percent increase for '78 Muscadets. But if the '79 crop is plentiful, '78 prices should drop. Let us pray.

Rhônes are vigorous, assertive full-bodied wines (especially the reds) that many of us have yet to discover, and that frequently offer greater value than comparable Burgundies. For Côtes-du-Rhône, Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and Tavel Rosé this will be a good year, though less spectacular than '76.

The growing demand, especially in the U.S., for nice, chillable light whites has had its effect on Alsatian wines; this summer, the demand far outstripped supply. The excellent '76s, for example, are almost all gone, and the forecast of a small '78 crop has pushed up prices to new levels. If you find them, acquire '76s now; if not, wait for the '78s.

So far, '78 prices are not rising, and by March we predict you will be able to buy sound (or better) Beaujolais for $4—which is not too bad. There are many French wines that, though minus the *appellation* of a specific district, are

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nevertheless more than merely drinkable. For example, look out for the readily available Chantefleur, both red and white, at $3.29. Perhaps the best buy for your dollar, if you're looking merely for an excellent wine-of-all-use, is La Fleur Rouge or Blanc in the 67-ounce jug. The quality is about the same as Chantefleur but you can buy a jug for $5.55. Liter and double-liter bottles (33½ and 67 ounces respectively) should reach us by Christmas, coming from Bordeaux, the Midi, and the Loire. They're easy on the purse and many are easy on the palate.

In Germany as in France, inflation, monetary imbalance, and scarcity are affecting prices. The '78 vintage will be off 25 percent in quantity, and unfavorable weather has made impossible the production of wine of Kabinett, Spätlese, or Auslese quality. With the mark at 57.8 cents, the better German wines will be expensive. We might note in passing, however, that this lugubrious news will sadden only a minority of American wine lovers. We are not great drinkers of the rich Rhines and Moselles, beautiful as they are.

The low yield of the '75 and '76 Rhines and Moselles makes shrewd buying difficult. But if you don't mind the fact that '77 is not high on the vintage chart, and particularly if you prefer your whites medium dry, you should be able to pick up satisfactory '77 Moselles and Rhines at $3 to $4.

The news from Italy is interesting and by no means discouraging. This year the United States took twice as much wine from Italy as it did from France. We seem to have discovered that, on the whole, Italian wines are highly drinkable and not expensive. Buy carefully, avoiding wines that less responsible importers have bought simply because of their low price. The lira/dollar ratio helps to prevent drastic price increases, but the rigid government enforcement of the wine laws means that the really fine label—a good Barolo or Chianti Clàssico—may go up 20 percent before the year is out. The '74 vintage, as well as the '75, was excellent, but the '76s, high in sugar, low in acidity, will be short-lived.

There is plenty of happy hunting among Italian wines. Not only should prices remain affordable, but, as government regulations continue to tighten, quality will improve all along the line. Best buys: Folonari Soave (white) and Valpolicella (red) at $2.29 per liter, $4.29 per double liter; Pinot Grigio '77 (white) at about $3; Rainoldi Valtellina (red) in the 57-ounce jug at $4.35. The most famous Italian label is probably Chianti, but make sure that the word *Clàssico* is appended to it. This should be buyable at about $3.

On our own golden slopes, bearing the vines of northern California, there will be a rise in domestic wine prices. The law of supply and demand is working against the consumer, and the cost, particularly of white-wine grapes such as Chardonnay, which now fetches over $1,000 per ton of grapes, is rising steadily. Red-wine prices may present a more cheerful face. Paul Masson and Christian Brothers, aware that California wines *must* supplement the inadequate flow from France, are already working on larger production.

The American wine-buyer is going to pay more for a good-to-excellent California bottle. But by expending a little energy and a little time and by gently stimulating your dealer to help you, you can outwit inflation, an anemic dollar, insufficient supply, and increased demand.

The authors have prepared a vintage chart of California wines which will be sent on request: Write Dept W., Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

Best buys in magnums and jugs: Sonoma Vineyard Chenin Blanc '77, $5.69 the magnum; Foppiano Chablis in half-gallons at $2.99—perhaps less in the West; in reds, try Sebastiani Burgundy in half-gallons at $4.29.

Here are some excellent buys in the standard bottle size: Italian Swiss Cabernet, $2.49; Fetzer's Carignane; Pedroncelli's Gewürztraminer and Cabernet Sauvignon; Souverain's Alexander Chardonnay; Stag's Leap Wine Cellars' Gamay Beaujolais '77, which at $3.99 is worth twice the tab; Firestone's Johannisberg Riesling '76, under $4; Hoffman Mountain Ranch Late Harvest Franken Riesling '76, under $5; and for ordinary consumption at a low figure, Gallo's Chardonnay (due spring '79 at about $3) and Ruby Cabernet, $2.19.

Nations that stretch from Mexico to Australia produce wine, and in these days of high prices for well-known wines, it pays to be an adventurer in lesser-known labels. Here are some recommendations:

Among Spanish wines the best buys are almost exclusively in reds; the whites, generally speaking, seem to be kept too long in barrels. Best buy: Faustino Rioja in the double-liter size at $3.99. Among the quality reds keep a sharp eye out for Marqués de Caceres '71 at $3.49. Señor Forner, the owner of this vineyard, intends to make this Spain's finest wine.

We declare without hesitation that dollar for dollar, penny for penny, the very best buy on the market today are Rumania's Premiat Cabernet Sauvignons and Pinot Noirs at $2.29. (Higher on the West Coast.) Smooth, well-made, with a pleasant finish, this little-known wine is, though not memorable, beautifully affordable.

The Adriatica Cabernet from Istria in Yugoslavia at $2.59 is a sound buy.

Argentina's wine production is tremendous, surpassed only by Italy, France, Spain, and the Soviet Union. More important is the fact that oenologists from the University of California have been offering their skill and wisdom to the Argentinian vineyardists, with good results. The label to look for is Andean Vineyards. Their Cabernet Sauvignon '73 (20 percent Merlot) and their Chardonnay '76 (100 percent Chardonnay) at $3.29 offer remarkable value. Indeed, they will compete with comparable California wines at double the price.

The opportunities in wines below top-grade class are numerous. Besides, there's always the chance of a plentiful '79 French crop. If this should occur, there will be an appreciable drop in Loire and Bordeaux prices—and Burgundy, German and even California wines will have to lower their prices to compete.

We offer three final bits of advice. First, be on the lookout for jugs and double-liters; that's where radical economies are made possible. Second, consult two books: *A Poor Person's Guide to Great Cheap Wines* by James Nelson (McGraw-Hill, $7.95), which is full of astonishingly shrewd tips; and *Wines of California,* by top-flight authority Robert Balzer (Harry N. Abrams, $25), a beautifully produced, large volume telling you all you need to know about our constantly improving, greatest source of native wines. Finally, take advantage of the growing complexity and variety of the wine scene by adventuring into the unfamiliar, whether in years, places of origin, or labels. The greatest names will remain great, but discoveries among more modest *appellations* are easy to make if you're willing to take a few chances. Your dealer can help you, but only your own willingness to push forward into unfamiliar territory will bring about the desired blissful marriage between your wallet and your palate. ◉

Clifton Fadiman, a litterateur of long standing, and Sam Aaron, a wine merchant of certain celebrity, are the authors of The Joys of Wine *as well as* The Wine Buyers Guide. *Their jointly written column will appear periodically in* SR.

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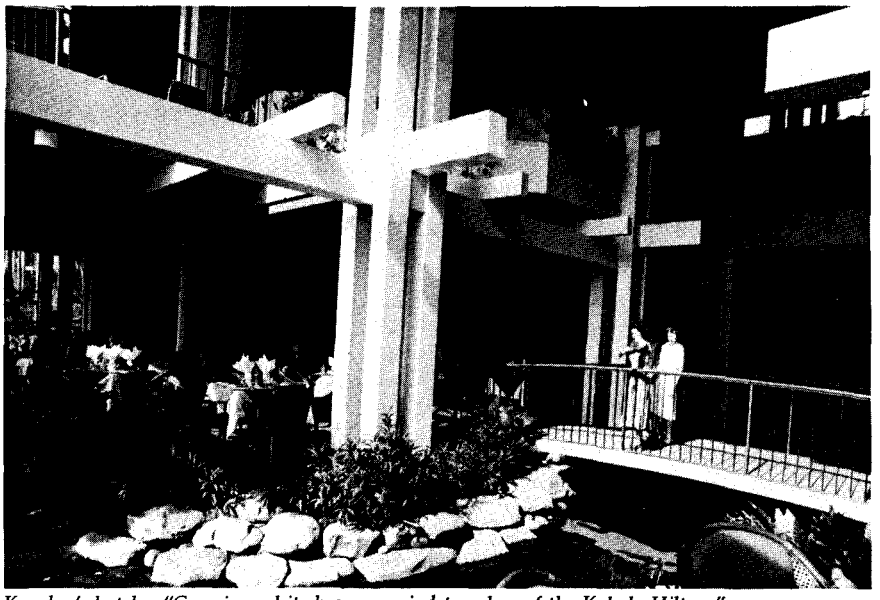
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Of Butterflies and Whales

by Horace Sutton



Kapalua's hotel—"Crossing white beams remind travelers of the Kahala Hilton."

IN THE CURIOUS WAY that time telescopes eons, it was surely only the other day that I stood in the glow of eventide on the four-mile-long beach called Kaanapali, on the Hawaiian island of Maui, and celebrated the girl's birthday. There was nothing on the beach then except for a few friends, a charcoal fire, and a picnic table. A Hawaiian swimmer chose that evening and that hour to dive from an outcropping of black lava where, years later, a Sheraton hotel would rise. That was the night's entertainment, along with some guitar twangers we brought along to play the silky melodies of the islands. And when the night was done we went back to the ramshackle Pioneer Inn, which was the only place to stay, and bedded down in creaky quarters until dawn streaked across the Pacific. In those Neanderthal times the Pioneer provided shelter but no board, and we had to cross under the branches of Lahaina's historic Banyan Tree to the old Banyan Inn, a fiesta of Formica, for breakfast.

The séance came back to me on a Sunday morning some weeks back, when I was ripped, like court plaster from tender flesh, from the comfort of a duplex at the Bay Villas at Kapalua, and dispatched down the pike in search of a lei for a demoiselle in our party, about to turn 14. Kaanapali—it being Sunday—was the only place I would find a rope of flowers, or so I was assured, and I obediently turned the rented gasmobile out of the tangle of Bay Villas, past the spiffy Bay Club and the Kapalua Bay Hotel, then nearing completion, rolled down condominium row until I reached the grand turnpike called Honooiliani Highway that follows the coastline, albeit from an obedient distance. I turned in at the gates that mark the new Kaanapali. There I found a compound for itinerants, which includes the Royal Lahaina Hotel, 740 rooms, eight restaurants, eight pools, 11 tennis courts; the Sheraton Maui Hotel, 444 rooms and cottages; Kaanapali Beach Hotel, 432 rooms, disco, beach bar, three restaurants; the Maui Surf, 556 rooms, three restaurants, three tennis courts; The Whaler, twin 12-story towers, six tennis courts; Kaanapali Plantation, 30 units; and the Whaler's Village, 31 shops, seven restaurants and gorging places including Yami Yogurt, and 96 authentic historical displays about whales including a 40-foot whale skeleton which has been suspended over a reflection pool.

Shuttle buses were shuttling. Tourists were touring. And masses of figures in hysterical shirts and printed muumuus, those legacies of the missionaries from New England, formed phalanxes and marched and countermarched. It was not the Kaanapali I first knew nor that recalled by whalers whose ships put in at Lahaina, once the queen of the islands, the settlement just down the road. In 1846 some 429 whaling ships dropped anchor at Lahaina, or as a report prepared by the Lahaina Restoration Foundation put it:

> Consider the halcyon days when 50 ships were usually anchored off Lahaina. Allow 25 to 30 men to a ship. This meant there were from 1,250 to 1,500 sea-bittered men roaming the single main street of Lahaina, in search of the rawest of pleasures—especially those to be afforded by drink and women.

On any given day when there is neither hurricane nor holocaust, there are in these times a good many more men *and* women on the single main street of Lahaina, none of them sea-bittered, but many looking for exotic shops, engaging restaurants, historic sights, art galleries, and Yami Yogurt outposts. T-shirt shops proffer tops emblazoned with slogans that say Official Bikini Inspector and (printed across the chest) Hunt's Whole Tomatoes—Hand-Selected for Firmness, to say nothing of double-meaning items whose sly sayings are not going to be reprinted here.

The Wharf, a multistoried shopping center along the lines of San Francisco's Cannery, opened this year across from the Banyan Tree on Front Street, featuring a widow's walk and a lookout tower, as well as 60 shops and seven restaurants. Blackbeard's charcoal-broils everything in sight, including oysters skewered with bacon, lobsters, and king crab legs.

I especially liked Kimo's, a double-decker waterside haven on Front Street which proffers huli-huli chicken (boneless breasts marinated in soy and ginger), kalua pork (as served at Hawaii's luaus), pork ribs (coated with plum sauce and baked), komakamaka (freshwater Maui catfish), side orders of Maui onions and mushrooms, and hula pie, billed on the menu as "what the sailors swam to shore for." A social observer might take issue with that historical tidbit, but I wouldn't argue with anyone who claimed it was the next best thing to what the sailors swam ashore for.

The old Pioneer Inn, refurbished now and fitted out with a ring of shops, is the vortex of the tourist swirl that floods through the old village of the Hawaiian kings and the whalers who came in from the sea.

A peaceful preserve, away from all that, will be the Kapalua Bay Hotel, which has opened for its premier season overlooking what used to be Fleming's Beach where, in other times, we used to go body-surfing. A new Fleming's Beach has been provided for public use by the Maui Land and Pineapple Company, which owns the hotel. The pineapple people, responsible, too, for

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a covey of condominiums on the adjoining grounds (see SR November 25, 1978), have turned the hotel and adjoining Bay Club over to Rockresorts, the Laurance Rockefeller company that only recently sold its formidable Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, on the island of Hawaii, to Western Hotels.

The Rockefeller people, who still maintain interests in the Virgin Islands, Wyoming, and Vermont, have brought in a cadre of their low-key, highly trained people and that is the air the hotel will exude. There will be no television sets and no cutesy names for the public salons. The dining room is called, archly at that, the Dining Room, and a second salon, which will have dancing as well as dining, is known as the Veranda.

As manager, Rockresorts has summoned David Brewer, who held forth at Caneel Bay and at Virgin Gorda, both Rockefeller ventures in the Virgin Islands. Rockresorts' master chef, Walter Blum, originally plucked from the Arizona Biltmore for the opening of Mauna Kea, has been on hand creating a *cuisine gourmande* that is all his own—slivers of pheasant dipped in tempura batter and golden fried; a saddle of lamb cut in half, boned and stuffed with lamb forcemeat and black California olives, then roasted and covered with puff pastry and browned.

A standard room for two—that is, looking at the mountains—will relieve the guest of $125 for two, breakfast and dinner included. Views considered more engaging are $135 and $155. For that, Kapalua visitors will get his-and-hers baths, breakfast service by hand-pushed cart set up on the guest's private lanai, and the genteel Rockefeller hand.

The white beams crossing white beams, all of pre-stressed concrete, will remind many peregrinators of the elegant Kahala Hilton, in the suburbs of Honolulu. That is no accident. Both hotels were designed by Killingsworth, Brady & Associates of Long Beach, California. With its low-rise, three-story lobby, and its severe horizontal lines, Kapalua Bay might well be taken for a trig new U.S. Embassy in a small country. Kapalua means "arms embracing the sea," and the arms of lava spew do embrace Kapalua Bay (née Fleming's Beach). The resort's trademark, on the other hand, shows a butterfly, a chrysalis really, its new wings forming the shape of a pineapple, for it was that spiky fruit that created a dreamworld for golfers, tennists, and lollers there at sandy fringe of the Pacific. ◉

(Second of two articles on Hawaii)

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FLORIDA EMPLOYMENT—This month's study of Job and Business Opportunities on the Treasure Coast. $2.00 refundable. FLORIDA INFO, Department B, 1525 20th Street, Vero Beach, Fla. 32960.

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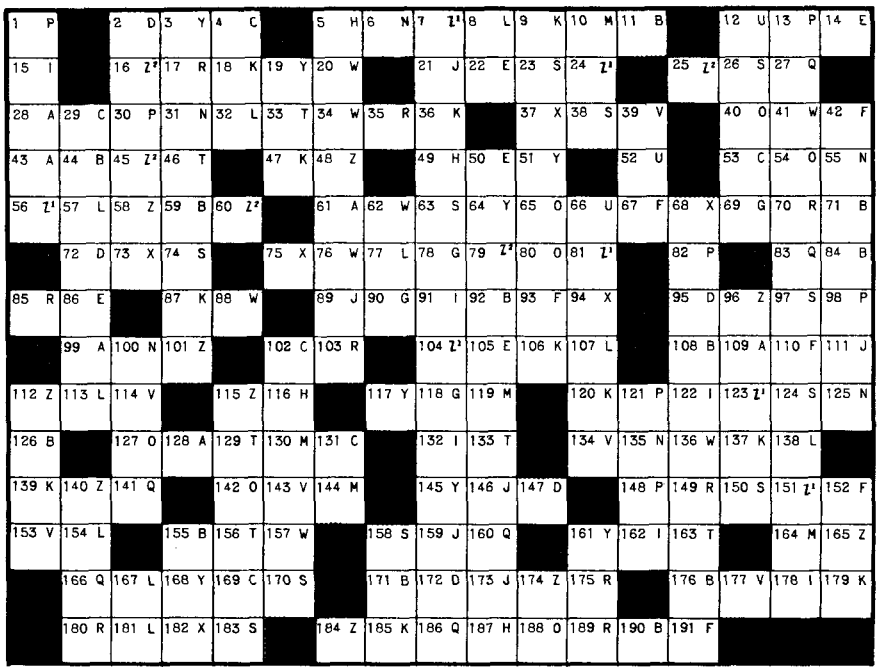
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 161

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double Crostic 160*** appears on page 7.



CLUES

A. Type of hound
28 43 61 99 109 128

B. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.)
155 44 71 92 171 11 176 190 108
126 59 84

C. Makes dirty or untidy
102 131 169 4 29 53

D. Dampen
72 95 147 172 2

E. Muse of love poetry
14 22 50 86 105

F. Frank; outspoken
42 67 93 110 152 191

G. German philosopher (1724–1804)
69 78 90 118

H. Thin or sheer linen or cotton fabric
187 5 49 116

I. "When the ____ is heavy with snow" (comp.; Coleridge, "Ancient Mariner")
132 178 91 122 162 15

J. Meal made from cereal grains
21 89 111 146 159 173

K. Skillful or artful contrivance; maneuvering
179 9 36 47 120 137 185 18 87
106 139

L. Violating propriety
8 32 154 181 77 113 138 167 57
107

M. Checks, restrains
119 130 144 164 10

N. Island in the Saronic Gulf, near Athens
100 135 6 31 55 125

CLUES

O. Rouses to action
40 54 80 142 188 65 127

P. Technique of folding paper artistically
13 98 1 30 121 148 82

Q. Conveyed lightly
166 186 83 141 27 160

R. 1933 song by Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael
85 149 189 103 180 17 35 70 175

S. Cricket, grasshopper, or cockroach
23 124 170 26 38 63 74 97 150
158 183

T. Sought favor by servile demeanor
156 129 163 33 46 133

U. River in E England, also called Granta
12 52 66

V. Cossack chief
143 153 39 114 177 134

W. Unduly demonstrative
76 88 157 62 20 34 136 41

X. First son of Leah and Jacob (Gen. 29:32)
68 182 73 75 94 37

Y. Small dishes in which food can be baked and served
168 3 19 64 145 117 161 51

Z. Situation remote from worldly affairs (2 wds.)
115 96 112 174 165 48 58 101 140
184

Z¹. Dutch humanist, scholar, theologian (1466?–1536)
81 151 7 56 24 123 104

Z². Guys, jokers, dudes, cats
45 25 79 16 60

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BACK DOOR

Second-Hand Wisdom

RECENTLY, I was given a helper. His first name is rather poetic: Casio. His second, scarcely pronounceable: MQ-1.

Casio, "a highly capable unit," is an electronic calculating clock. He is 4⅜ inches long, 1¼ inches wide, and about as fat as this magazine. Casio can tell the date, day of the week, and time with awesome accuracy (until December 31, 2099, when his prophetic powers abruptly quit). He can serve as a stopwatch, can count up and count down, can tell me on what day of the week Christmas will fall in 2000. He even knew something about me that I didn't: I was born on a Monday. His brain is "one chip C—MOS—LSI." His heart is two silver-oxide batteries. He is quiet, cooperative (if you speak his language accurately), tireless, and never makes a mistake.

I call him *him* not merely because his name is masculine. Nothing about Casio reminds me of the feminine. In this ERA era, in which an otherwise worthy campaign for equal rights discourages one from noting *any* difference between the sexes, one should, I suppose, avoid characterizing. Nonetheless, if there is one attribute that I associate with women, it is nearness to the rhythms of nature. One month, nine months, are intervals that mean something to a woman's body, but little to a man's. By happenstance or hidden wisdom, a woman shares the rhythms of the moon and the tides. As the source and nourisher of new life, a woman participates in the regenerative cycle more importantly than a man ever can. Because of this, I associate with women greater instinctive awareness of and appreciation for all the cycles of nature.

Casio knows zilch about nature. As far as he's concerned time is measured by one unit only, the second, out of which are built minutes, hours, days, months, and years. In the age of mechanical clocks, coming now to its close, time was literally cyclical; the second, minute, and hour hands would finish their rounds and begin again, just as the moon, the sun, the tides, the stars, the seasons, and a woman's body begin again. Time as recorded by a mechanical clock was connected to its origin, the sun's daily course. To Casio, time never repeats itself. Milliseconds accumulate relentlessly. This instant—78:11'19 – 8:07'51 (year, month, day, hour, minute, second)—will never return. You can take false comfort if you wish, whispers Casio, from the repetitions of the sun and nature's regenerative patterns, but *you* are getting older, the seconds of your life are disappearing one by one, like drops into the sea, so hurry, hurry....

Hurry to do what, Casio does not say. He is only a helper, after all. But the ceaseless jitteriness of his readout, so different from the easy sweeps of the mechanical clock's hand, tends to remind one of mortality with unnerving persistence. Contemplate that readout long enough and you can hardly remain content with what you are doing, whatever it is. Every occupation seems a less than perfect use of the escaping seconds. Wouldn't you be better off chasing new sensations while you're still able?

Happily, Casio can be ignored, slipped into a pocket, or stilled by rededicating the readout to the calculator function. But the unignorable fact is that the sort of time Casio keeps is utterly unconnected to nature. It is an invention of man, an artificial construct, the absolute accuracy of which makes it seem like the absolute truth.

Nature's truth is more complex. The seasons teach hope. The trees persuade us that it can take years to grow into something of value—and that the sooner one starts, the better. The sun and the tides remind us not only of time's relentlessness but also of its long-suffering. As the Casios of this world drive mechanical clocks into obsolescence, one would do well to recall where those nervous digits on the readout came from. And where they are going.

—CARLL TUCKER

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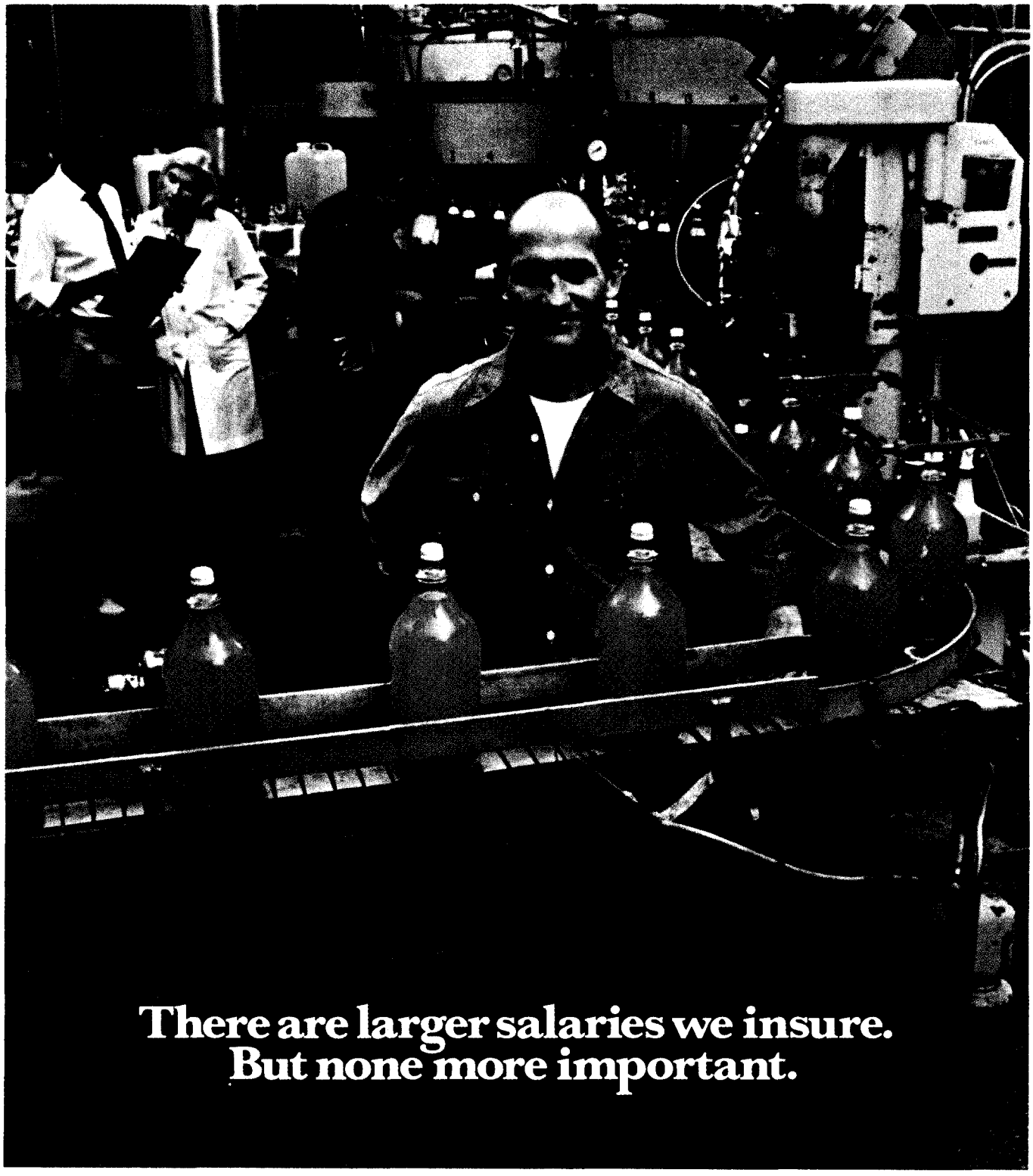

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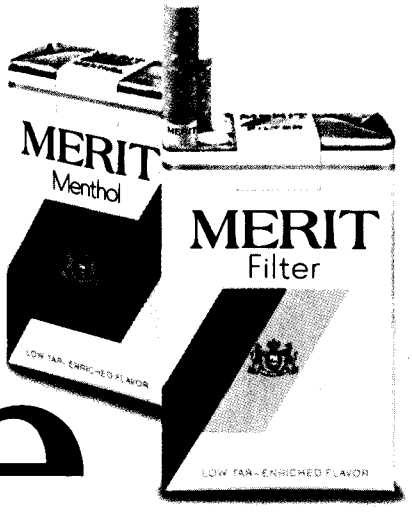
New National Smoker Study:

"Taste Made It Easy."



Recent research confirms MERIT taste aids switch to low tar smoking.

Can the taste of low tar MERIT ease the transition from high tar to low tar smoking?

Read the results of new, detailed, nationwide research conducted among current MERIT smokers—and among high tar smokers who taste-tested MERIT against leading high tar brands.

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Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

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Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

38 68 672

MERIT

Kings & 100's

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